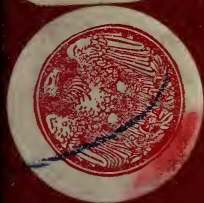


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A BOTTLE

MIXED PICKLES.

[1853]



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The Author reposing after his labours —



A BOTTLE

OF

MIXED PICKLES.

*Twynshoe William Esq.*

*THE LONDON MERCHANTS*  
*OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY*

1853.

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76



TO THE EDITOR OF "THE TIMES."

---

In your excellent journal, Sir, may I presume  
To humbly solicit a place,  
The public compassion to move, if I can,  
By reciting my sorrowful case ?

I'm a worm, Sir—nay sneer not—nor think that it is  
An unaristocratical name ;  
To be more aboriginal " sons of the soil "  
Than the oldest of nations, we claim.

But although a respectable peaceable tribe  
Not given to mischievous freaks,  
Yet, like rogues and marauders, we constantly live  
In dire apprehension of " Beaks."

This is grievance the first, and a great one it is ;  
For if we should venture to push  
Our heads above ground, we're immediately gulped  
By some hungry old blackbird or thrush.

Those insatiable ogres, so ruthless and dire,  
 With a snap put an end to our lives ;  
 And the " Bills of Mortality " daily are filled  
 With our parents, sons, daughters, and wives.

To this " Diet of Worms " at which *we* are "discussed"  
 We hold a well-grounded objection ;  
 But being the true " landed interest, " we hope  
 Some day, for a little " Protection."

But we've yet a worse enemy still than the birds—  
 " The knave " (he's a sad one) " of spades ;"  
 (The Gardener I mean) who with mischievous tool  
 Our underground dwellings invades.

To imagine the pang when he chops us in half  
 Would make your blood's current run cold ;  
 But as in these cases our " tail " is removed,  
 Our sufferings ne'er can be " told. "

You men, if afflicted, find comfort in this  
 That Time your vexations can mend ;  
 In every trouble it soothes your distress  
 To reflect on your " latter end. "

We've no such reflection to aid us in woe,  
 Since our's is a terrible state  
 Of " endless " misfortune, which not e'en the Good  
 Physician Old Time can abate.

" Long Division " to us, though our "figures" are long,  
 Is anything but an attraction,

And, [however you married poor fellows may laugh,  
 To lose one's (undoubtedly) "better half"  
 Is, *in our case*, no satisfaction.

In the chair of a dentist expectant to sit  
 Is doubtless unpleasant enough ;  
 While with hard bony hand he examines your mouth,  
 And imparts a rich flavour of snuff.

'Tis no subject of merriment when he routs up  
 A fang from it's deep gummy nook ;  
 But you'd better have ten double-grinders pulled out  
 Than dangle alive on a hook.

The rod that he tingles with daily, the boy  
 Has doubtless good reason for hating ;  
 But the hook is more "barb"arous still than the rod,  
 And we suffer more pangs in our "baiting."

Some people complain we "disfigure the lawn"  
 With ugly small spots, but if true,  
 Take care, ye who grace the Episcopal bench,  
 Lest that charge apply also to you.

One of you is a Figaro, all things in turn,  
 With slippery quick versatility :  
 Another is rancorous, rough, and cantankerous,  
 With martial impartial hostility.

His Lordship of London, when Catholic freaks  
 Demand an episcopal stopper,

Says " *Dear* Mr. Bennet, your ways I approve,  
Though *in public* I call them improper. "

It's Lord lately leased a rich manor\* anew,  
In a manner, however, least laudable :  
Through respect for the Church, I will say nothing more,  
Though such things will to Horsman afford a tale.

We hunger for knowledge and poke into books  
On dusty shelves uselessly resting ;  
And eagerly then their contents we " devour, "  
Which have need of much " inward digesting. "

Birds and fishes eat us, and in process of time  
The eaters are eaten by man ;  
And soon t'will be our turn, good folks, to eat you ;  
So pray get as fat as you can.

You humans talk much of the joys of your hearth,  
And friends in affection combining ;  
To us too the "(h)earth " is as dear as to you,  
And the coils of our love as entwining.

People say we've no feeling, but let them transpose  
Their subject and object ; and then  
Will appear something nearer the truth, which is this,  
That *worms* find no feeling in *men*.

They talk of low birth, at our pedigree jeer ;  
But let them deny if they can,

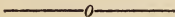
\* That of Horfield. — \* See Hamlet, Act iv. Sc. 3.



What the Great Hebrew Psalmist himself did declare  
That he was "a worm and no man."\*

They assert that our dwellings, our lowly abodes,  
Are "bores" on the face of the land;  
But while they give honour and praise to Brunel,  
Surely our little tunnels may stand.

This is quite the first time, and perhaps is the last,  
That a worm ever wriggled in rhymes;  
So lift not your foot, Mr. Editor, pray,  
But give me a place in "The Times."



## FROM PORTSMOUTH TO HAVRE.



The advantage so frequently recommended to the notice of the travelling portion of the British public in advertisements of certain Steam-boats that "passengers walk on board" is not enjoyed by such persons as have occasion to cross to Havre from Portsmouth. Those who embark at the latter port are taken out in a small boat towards Spithead and there wait to be picked up by the

\* Psalm xxii, 6. See also Job xxv. 6.

Southampton Steamer; by which means, if the weather happens to be rough, they get (in addition to a ducking) a thorough preliminary disordering of what the French call "the department of the interior" before the legitimate commencement of their troubles, and enjoy the fairest possible prospect of experiencing the last agonies of sea-sickness, under circumstances likely to render them of unmitigated aggravation.

It was my lot some months since to become practically acquainted with these facts, having occasion to embark at Portsmouth at a moment as unpropitious to a nautical excursion as could well be conceived, the night being dark and rainy, and the wind blowing sufficiently hard to make a brisk "soda-water-sea," as it is called, even just off the shore. One other victim presented himself at the Sallyport simultaneously with myself for shipment in the wherry which was to put us on board. By way of a little small talk on making acquaintance, he related how, on the last occasion on which he had started from this point, a mishap had occurred to the boatmen's signal torch, which tumbled overboard, and was so put out both in flame and temper by it's wetting that it subsequently manifested an insuperable reluctance to be rekindled, and in consequence the Steamboat passed in the dark without stopping. We should have discussed this somewhat comic tragedy with more relish, had not it's intimate connection with contingencies to which we were just then liable brought the possibility of it's recurrence rather too vividly to our apprehension. Our boat having been with some difficulty, owing to the perverseness of the tide, got

out to a point about midway between Southsea and Spithead, was there made fast to a buoy. In this position the waves played pitch-and-toss with us for about an hour and a quarter with the utmost freedom, while frequent storms of rain saved us from being troubled with too great an exuberance of cheerfulness. At length, to our lively satisfaction, the lamps of the approaching steamer appeared, whereupon the boatmen made a series of attempts to light their torch; which proved wholly abortive, possibly owing to the circumstance that the wick having been recently immersed in the water (which now reached our ancles) was afflicted with a cold in the head; or possibly in consequence of the lucifer matches having been by some unhappy casualty divested of their heads altogether. At length by dint of a laborious and very unpromising process with a flint and steel, a sallow-complexioned battered end of a candle with a bulbous gouty-looking wick, inserted in an old horn lantern, was coaxed into a state of fungous illumination. In addition to its other physical infirmities, our unfortunate fragment of a dip was afflicted with an affection of the spine from having been inadvertently sat upon, which caused it to loll sideways out of its socket in a listless and imbecile manner, so that the vitality of its wretched modicum of light was alarmingly precarious. The lantern was now consigned to the care of the other passenger to be displayed to the approaching steamboat, while the boatmen rowed to meet it. My task was to steer and protect the carpet bags from the rain and spray with an umbrella. Absorbed in these important operations, it was some little time before

my observation was accidentally drawn to the circumstance that our light-house was, for some utterly inscrutable purpose of his own, displaying the *dark* side of the lantern to the approaching packet; which operation, if seriously intended, appeared as little likely to achieve any conceivable result as if he had attempted to attract the desired notice by energetically ringing a bell bereaved of it's clapper. Of course any explanation of our friend's mysterious conduct by reference to any humourous intentions of ill-timed practical joking, was, at this moment, out of the question, so I ventured to ask whether he did not think it would be advisable to turn the *bright* side forwards; a suggestion which he seemed to consider highly valuable and ingenious, and adopted accordingly. After having been a good deal tantalized by frequent bumpings against the broad black sides of our Steamer, and then, just as we thought we had got the rope thrown to us, being whisked, by a little pleasantry on the part of the waves, a long way off again, we eventually found ourselves on the deck of the "Grand Turk." There were but few passengers, and all but two of them were already dismally indisposed in the cabin, and merely gave languid woe-begone looks at us with their dull dreary eyes as we selected our berths. The two individuals who were not yet visibly affected were hardily attempting to defy fate by playing Chess. The game however was no less summarily than suddenly nipped in the bud, for a lurch of the ship unceremoniously shut up the board and checkmated one of the players, who staggered off to a sofa faintly calling for brandy and water, an order dictated

apparently by no convivial views. Shortly after this the Steward came round to collect the fares. To those who suffer from sea-sickness it is surely one of the bitterest trials of life to be called upon, just at the very instant perhaps that they are expecting a substantive and material development, so to speak, of their uncomfortable sensations, to go into arithmetical computations. When the feeling of a painful crisis is imminent, and it is so hazardous to move that even the venturing on a wink is fraught with grave peril, it is surely too hard to be required to dive into the uttermost recesses of the pocket of a coat, the lowest stratum perhaps of a deep conglomerate of wraps in which you are swathed as tightly as a mummy or a Hindoo baby, and drag forth a purse; feeling as you do all the while the conviction that the dread consummation of your sorrows which divers premonitory throes have given warning to be impending, will be inevitably induced by the exertion. The sufferers on this occasion, when visited in turn by that unfeeling functionary the Steward, manifested so deep an indifference as to the extent of their disbursements, and such an abandoned recklessness as to the correctness of the amount given them in change, as, in ordinary pecuniary transactions, would shortly lead to serious fiscal embarrassment. The Grand Turk is an ancient fabric, now somewhat infirm, in consequence of it's originally robust constitution, having been severely shaken by the severe buffetings to which it has during it's career been exposed. As it lumbers along, digging and butting at the waves with it's heavy bows, it's whole frame trembles and shakes in a constant paroxysm of



agitation. Its ribs and screws too make an unusually vociferous concert of a painfully unmusical character. Whether anything particular occurred during the passage of the Channel I am unable to state, having been sound asleep from the time we passed the Nab light off the Eastern corner of the Isle of Wight, till the sudden cessation of the motion of the paddle-wheels, consequent on our arrival at the mouth of the harbour at Havre, dispelled my slumbers. Probably the old Grand Turk had been disporting itself with unwieldy gambols among the waves, for I do just recollect some indistinct notion occurring dimly at intervals to my mind that the bed was in a very frisky humour, and that the pillow was betraying far more animation than was consistent with the staid and sober character of that article. We do not call upon pillows for active duties—we simply require them to be fat and comfortable; yet here was an individual which so far forgot itself as to toss the head which reposed in misplaced confidence on its bosom, from side to side, and jerk it into the air with as little reference to its convenience, or the composure of its dreams, as if it had been a shuttlecock or a cricket ball. My own legs too, from whom I should have hoped better things, partook of the general hilarity, and were guilty of the wildest extravagance. Renouncing their allegiance to their natural lord, and indeed in direct opposition to his wishes and efforts to the contrary, they were seized with intermittent impulses of uncontrollable liveliness which caused them to kick up in the air, to the signal discomfiture of the bedclothes, who must have been doubtless greatly surprised at such

irregular and unseemly ebullitions of jocularity. The Grand Turk had now some difficulty in forcing a passage through the crowd of ships and boats of all descriptions by which the harbour seemed to be almost impassably plugged up. By dint however of worming its way through crowds of merchant vessels, writhing round piers, wriggling amongst flocks of torpid barges, jostling aside fishing boats, and rudely elbowing off the smaller craft, it eventually managed to rub it's fat sides against the wharf, to which it was shortly after secured in a sort of hymeneal union by a noose. The good folks of Havre did not seem to be yet awake, for nobody was visible on the shore except a few touters for hotels, some douaniers and gendarmes, and a sentry pacing incessantly up and down his short beat like that restless panther at the Zoological Gardens; whose perseverance, poor fellow! in the pursuit of his "constitutional" under difficulties, on a promenade scarcely thrice the length of his tail, is most exemplary. The Turk soon discharged the live portion of his freight into the passport office. Some of the passengers seemed decidedly to have "made a night of it," for they tottered feebly along the gangway, looking very mouldy and dilapidated, and generally the worse for wear. The predominant sensation on my own part was a kind of half-awake resentment at having been prematurely roused from a nap, mingled with a guilty consciousness of being odiously dirty and unshorn. My passport having been examined, and found to be unimpeachably regular, there ensued a small drama in the baggage office adjoining, something on this wise :—

Dramatis Personæ. Two douaniers of the 12mo size of French soldiers, attired in Albert hats, and red jellybag-shaped trousers.

Two Gendarmes, moustachio'd, tall, & farouche. English traveller, dressed in a shooting coat, wideawake, &c., in the true British "tourist" style.

As the scene opens, the two douaniers seize each an arm of the traveller, while the two gendarmes take him by the collar. All four gabble violently at once "Pass p—faut pas fum—bureau—de—droits de dou—point de cig—poli—commission—&c., &c."  
(*prestissimo.*)

Apathetic traveller (who appears to be addicted to cigars) when they pause for breath, slowly projects a thin ringlet of tobacco from the corner of his mouth, and remarks with much composure "My bag, please."

The two douaniers and two gendarmes. Same mélange of exclamatory exhortations as before, in a slightly higher key.

Imperturbable traveller, with calm laconic mildness, "Bag, please." The two douaniers and two gendarmes find they have hooked an old fish; and that their fondly imagined visions of extorting a franc are not likely to be realised. The bag is therefore produced, and handed over by the traveller to a stout individual en blouse, to be carried. Scene closes; and within ten minutes afterwards, the hero of the piece is wallowing in luxury (i. e. hot sea-water) in a bath at Frascati's.



“TO PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.”

---

Since now, my young friend, you are entering life,  
And probably think your'e in want of a wife,

My dismal experience hear :

The stoniest heart t'would macadamize,  
And from a policeman's dry pitiless eyes  
Pump out an unnatural tear.

Being silly, like other young men of my age,  
I once, years ago, loved with passionate rage  
A maiden of heavenly mould.

I had some excuse, for what poet could paint  
That form of an houri, that mind of a saint,  
That gem in a setting of gold ?

Her hands were like pure alabaster ; her teeth  
Rows of glittering pearl, lips of coral beneath ;

Her eyes, soft as those of a dove ;

While, as Homer would call it, a “ lily-like voice, ”  
Tuned with sweet fascination the ear to rejoice,  
Distilled witching accents of love.

Young men who give way to such violent rapture  
Are not very difficult fishes to capture,

So the vows matrimonial were plighted :

Ah ! it still makes me feel suicidal to say  
 How soon my bright fairy-dream melted away,  
 And the bud of my rapture was blighted.

Not to weary your patience, my story shall trip,  
 And make, with its seven-league-boots on, a skip  
 Over some intermediate years :  
 I feasted your eyes with a vision of bliss—  
 You gazed on *that* picture—now look upon *this*—  
 Behold ! my adored reappears !

The time I omitted, our nuptials between  
 And that whereupon we return to the scene,  
 Disaster had marked for it's own.  
 Successive calamities banished all trace  
 Of each juvenile charm from that idolized face,  
 Whence all it's bright magic had flown.

One eye was knocked out by a fall from her hack ;  
 The other grew purblind, and frequently black  
 (In mourning, perhaps, for its fellow).  
 Not very long after this happened, her nose  
 (The effect of some very strong scent, I suppose)  
 Got very suspiciously mellow.

But the loss of an optic alas ! was not all  
 The damage my lady sustained from her fall—  
 She broke both her arms and a leg.  
 New members of timber were shortly arranged,  
 And the wedding-ring's usual locality changed  
 To a little mahogany peg.

The dark wavy hair which in happier days  
 Had "flooded her neck," (you remember our phrase,)  
 "With many a rich flowing billow,"  
 One morning was found unexpectedly gone,  
 And Martha as bald as the day she was born :  
 When she rose it had stuck to the pillow !

Those white pearly teeth, not "in-firm" as their state,  
 All rattled one evening down into her plate,  
 Excepting one stubborn old tusk;  
 Who, when his thin shell could no stopping contain,  
 Closed at length a sad scene of disorder and pain,  
 Ground down to the gum by a rusk.

Just now, with a glow of old passionate pride,  
 To the musical tones of her voice I applied  
 An epithet, classic,—and silly !  
 Soon, if they a lily resembled at all,  
 'Twas the poison of what "Bella donna" they call,  
 On that fierce-looking plant "tiger-lily."

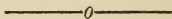
Such a load of increasing vexation and care  
 Compelled me at length, in my utter despair,  
 In death relaxation to get.  
 So I hung myself—yes !—I assure you ; no joke :  
 But the beam giving way, down I fell, and awoke  
 Alive, and a bachelor yet !

And now for my moral. Of course you expect  
 I shall beg you to pause for a while, and reflect—  
 No ! I make no so foolish suggestion.

To lovers, as winds, it's as idle to talk;  
 But this I *do* say, do not sup upon pork,  
 Or what may produce indigestion,

Lest you suffer in dreams an unhappy estrangement:  
 And remember, once made, a connubial arrangement  
 Is a difficult matter to alter.

Most unpleasant you'd find it, (not being a horse,)  
 To marry a *nightmare*, and sue for divorce  
 By putting your neck in a halter.



A BALL AT THE PRINCESS'S CONCERT ROOMS,  
 CASTLE STREET, OXFORD STREET.

“Miss Bennett has the honour to announce  
 that her grand

F U L L   D R E S S   B A L L !!!

Will take place at these Rooms this Evening,  
 December the 19th.

DOORS OPEN AT 10-30. DANCING TO COMMENCE  
 AT 11.”

Such was the notice, in the largest of blue types, which, on the said evening of the 19th of December 1849, suspended at the door of the Princess's Concert Rooms, invited respectable society in general, and the Terpsichorean public in particular, to join the festivities then immediately in contemplation, and which notice attracted the attention

of me (Mr. John Smith) as I chanced on that particular evening in question to be passing through Castle Street homeward-bound from a dinner party. Now, unfortunately for me, I am not a dancing man, and, except when performing with the divine Belinda, cannot get up much excitement on the subject. One of my most favourite amusements has been however, (and particularly at the Bath assembly Rooms,) to retire at a ball into strict seclusion in an impregnable thicket of dowagers, in a position inaccessible to those troublesome persons who *will* insist on everyone's dancing and making themselves wretchedly hot and uncomfortable, and thence, as Lucretius says, "*é terra alterius magnum spectare laborem*"—and also to observe—all kinds of things—which it is unnecessary to discuss here. So it being already 11 o'clock, I walked in and enquired if the ball was begun. "Walk up, Sir," dancing just going to begin, Sir—band been here some time, Sir!" "Well, but how many people are come?" I enquired. "O there's a lady and gentleman gone up this moment—lots more presently, Sir, Miss Bennett had 600 tickets taken a week ago." The solitary couple must feel, thought I, rather like Adam and Eve; but as two individuals, however energetically disposed, don't go far towards a ball, and it would have been a sin to have interrupted the tête à tête, I retired for half an hour into a neighbouring street. On my return, the same gentleman in the hall who had given the reins to his imagination in the extravagant myth of the 600 tickets informed me "Plenty of ladies and gentlemen here now, Sir—40 at least—all these" (showing tickets) "come in

the last half hour." Having had proof of my friend's inventive readiness, I considerably mistrusted the accuracy of his statistics, but thought it as well to go up, and was happy to find a select party collected; the ladies duly arranged in that awful and unapproachable state of grim primness in straight lines of rout seats which is apt to strike bashful bachelors with terror and dismay, and irrecoverably drive out of their heads in a moment all the sweet sayings they have been churning and labouring into shape for a month before. The only entertainment as yet was in watching the arrivals. First came in a youth with white hair which nature had supplied him with retail, and with a lamentably abortive attempt at whiskers. This gentleman was possessed with the delusion that a redundancy of white neckcloth was an effectual captivator of the hearts of the fair sex. He had fallen a victim to this singular hallucination, for he had enveloped his neck in so stiff and broad a white board that he could'nt look down, (though being naturally anxious as to the general effect of his boots he was dying to do so), and he was equally precluded from looking up, being, in fact, summarily throttled as often as he tried; so he was reduced to staring horizontally point blank straight before him. Shortly, the band (Weippert's) struck up, which was invigorating, and besides my curiosity was "on the P. G.," as Mrs. Malaprop said, to see what the dancing would be like. A Waltz! Off started a fat gentleman, so fat that he eclipsed his partner altogether, and whirled round (spun, or whizzed would be a more appropriate term) so fast, that his coat-tails, from the centrifugal



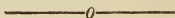
force, stood out like a rim at right angles to his body, and his hair floated out horizontally round his head like a brown halo. During the dance there came into the room a pair—what the gentleman was I am not in a position to state, my eyes having been entirely chained to the spectacle of the lady who was attired cap a pie in the brightest (or the “loudest,” as the phrase is) of yellow silks, flashing most wondrously, so that she looked like the flame of a stage fire—that one when the king of the Golden Island comes in. Her character seemed as pronounced as her colours, for she and her friend, the very instant they found what was going on, plunged unhesitatingly into the vortex of dancers with reckless audacity, and executed the back whirl with giddy rapidity. Young Weippert seemed to catch the infection of ardour, for as he beheld them, his eyes began to glare, and he dug and tore at his harp in a vindictive and frantic paroxysm of savage energy. By this time I had progressed far in the good graces of an elegant female who sat next to me, and whose smiles and conversation I had succeeded in diverting from her own peculiar swain on the other side. So she at length put the ominous question—“Do you not Valse?” “Yes—but it is the fashion nowadays to execute such performances with a partner, and I have not the felicity, &c.” The upshot of which of course was, that in another moment we were pirouetting glibly round and round the room, and round and round one another, and exchanging all sorts of sweet sentiments; to which process, waltzing, from the close proximity it engenders, is (provided of course you don’t, as I always do, get giddy)

so favourable. All this time the unfortunate swain, who had some misgivings as to his capabilities in the Waltz, and therefore shrank from the attempt, beheld the warmth of our sociability with a look of unutterable disgust. However, his truant fair came back quite safe at the conclusion of the dance, and they soon made it up again. I soon became acquainted with a most material fact in respect of this ball, namely, that each lady came there provided with a swain, and of course, as the numbers of each sex were equal, each swain was similarly provided with a nymph, and the whole purpose of coming there was, that each couple should dance together the whole evening. Indeed so thick and confidential were a great many of the pairs, that it was pretty obvious that hymeneal arrangements were in contemplation, and that, in short, they had come there to have a regular good flirt of it; a sort of carnival before the penitential season of matrimonial remorse. This was an alarming state of circumstances for a stray bachelor to become acquainted with, as it became necessary either to seduce the allegiance of some fair damsel from her fiancé, and thereby goad him to committing a breach of the peace, or else to remain utterly destitute of partners. The charms of an houri in a slate coloured dress compelled me to adopt the former course. Her cher ami was a peculiar specimen of natural history; the most remarkable points about him being, first, his dental arrangements, which were entirely unorthodox and anomalous, like a cheval de frise; secondly, his huge rough bristle of hair like an African jungle; thirdly, that from the mass of whisker which he thought



proper to cultivate, his face was like a bird's nest; and lastly, that he had nothing whatever of any kind to say for himself. His waistcoat, and the startling combinations of colours thereon displayed, I do not attempt to describe, it being, as the literary housemaid said, "more than pen." However the "Beauty" seemed so unaccountably fond of her "Beast" that it seemed hopeless at first to attack the fortress, for they sat billing and cooing and doing the whole duty of sweethearts with exemplary energy. Being at last recalled to a sense of the world about them by the stirring notes of the Drum Polka, they joined the giddy throng of dancers. My friend's strenuous efforts however were crowned with lamentably bad success, for the only result he attained was the winding himself up tight in his partner's dress, so that he became swathed in muslin like an Egyptian mummy. A concussion with her of the flame coloured raiment eventually put him hors de combat, and made room for me. Not having many subjects of common interest to discuss with the Peris of the Castle Street Paradise, I was for once a little at a loss for small change, till I discovered that compliments "cut rather fat" (as the vernacular of Smithfield has it), were the most acceptable currency. Now the fair sex, speaking generally, have a weakness for liking to swallow what is vulgarly called soft soap, and digest large quantities of it with surprising facility; but these ladies had such brisk appetites for the commodity, that to make the supply meet the demand, it became necessary to administer bars of the coarsest yellow (to continue the metaphor) wholesale. Having, therefore, gladdened the

hearts of a long succession of dismally plain young ladies by assuring each in turn that she was the only strikingly lovely person in the room &c., (a subsequent comparison of notes must slightly have dispelled the soft illusion!) and having breathed into the ear of each in turn the same choice flowers of sentiment culled in the Tottenham Court Road Theatre, I made a low salaam to Miss Bennett, and departed. Alas! no Peri in slate coloured silk was wafted on a roseate cloud to me in a dream that evening. No! All night long young Weippert and myself were on horseback, chasing a shaggy wild boar across an African desert. At sunrise we speared him, and in coming up to the prey, found in our victim him of the teeth, in a copious perspiration from running so long, and regarding us with a look of irresistibly comic animosity.



“SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR.”

(THE HOMŒOPATHIC MOTTO)



[Enter Patient]—“I call, Doctor Physicemsmall,  
To solicit a little advice:

Iv’e caught a slight cold, and your art I am told  
Can banish such plagues in a trice.

“ My symptoms are these : I frequently sneeze  
 When pepper gets mixed with my snuff ;  
 Just after a meal no hunger I feel,  
 Nor thirst when I’ve tiddled enough.

“ My pulse is too fleet by nearly a beat ;  
 My tongue too, excessively pink :  
 I may add that my sleep is unbroken and deep,  
 With a previous proneness to wink.”

Dr. P.

“ Sir ! the truth must be told ; your case is no cold ;  
 From the first I perceived it was so ;  
 You have metempsychosis and pettitorosis  
 Seated deep in your left little toe.

“ The size of your cheeks plumpchopsis bespeaks ;  
 No symptom on earth could be surer ;  
 While your very red nose a tendency shows  
 To jesticular camera obscura.

“ Attention to diet, with medicine and quiet,  
 Will soon work a grand revolution  
 In your little toe’s state, and ameliorate  
 It’s, at present, impaired constitution.

“ First then you must sniff no agreeable whiff :  
 ’Twould cause sad stomachic derangement,  
 From coffee and spices, in short, all that nice is,  
 Observe the completest estrangement.

- “ These powders I make be careful to take  
 As enjoined by their covers’ direction :  
 Yes, these powders—you stare—nay, they really *are* there,  
 Though far too minute for detection.
- “ Of flour they contain a part of a grain  
 Much smaller than infinitesimal ;  
 Whose strength in dilution will form a solution  
 Expressed by a wonderful decimal.
- “ But since anything strong we hold to be wrong,  
 ’Twould be politic not to do more ;  
 Than to try from a distance the effect of the least glance,  
 Or a view through a hole in a door.
- “ Should you wish for a tonic for organs pulmonic,  
 Or travel, your spirits to cheer ;  
 Take a look (but a slight one) at a pebble from Brighton,  
 Or a print of it’s wonderful pier.
- “ A dip in the sea beneficial might be ;  
 Thus. Take of spring-water an ocean :  
 Add of salt a suspicion, too tiny for vision,  
 Just a mere symptomatical notion.
- “ But the bath I define, being highly saline,  
 Might prove to the system too shocking ;  
 So I don’t recommend that your dip should extend  
 To more than the foot of your stocking. ”

Patient.

“ Thanks, Sir, for your pains ; there hardly remains  
Any need of the treatment you order ;  
For in fact this exquisite-ly comical visit  
Already has cured my disorder.

“ But since by the rule of your talented school  
Strong drugs make a malady worse ;  
The usual fee prejudicial would be  
To the chronic complaint of your purse.

“ No ! I beg that instead, on a post-office head  
You will for an instant reflect ;  
Such a thought or a glance, on your state of finance  
Will have a surprising effect.

“ You’ll be quite a Thellusson, whose riches they tell us on  
So excessively strangely divided.

[Since then to be cracked contravenes the late Act \*

“ In such case made and provided.”]

“ Each person you meet promenading the street  
Will exclaim, after due recognition,

‘ Ah ! verily there goes a millionaire  
The homœopathic physician.’

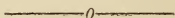
“ Should such an increase of money and ease  
Patriotic emotions beget,

‘ Twill give you much pleasure with part of your treasure  
To pay off the national debt.

\* The “Thellusson Act” 40 Geo. 3 cap 98.

“ Then should you the rest be disposed to invest,  
 How much with such wealth may be won !  
 A portion ’twill buy quite eluding the eye  
 Of a crumb of a halfpenny bun.

“ But such a large portion pray eat with due caution,  
 That it raise not your system too high ;  
 Lest dire apoplexy or plethora vex ye,  
 And put out your light : now, good bye.”



## HOMŒOPATHIC CURE FOR MELANCHOLY.

(HOMŒOPATHIC QUACK LOQUITUR.)

“ The philosopher’s stone long sought for is won !  
 “ SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR !!! ”  
 Just call upon me, and you’ll very soon see  
 All diseases I cure in a canter.

“ Just name your disorder ; I’ll bring you to order  
 By the art in our motto conveyed ;  
 I’m not for concealing our method of healing,  
 Which thus is more fully displayed.

“ Suppose now a sty, inflaming your eye ;  
 The particular remedy’s plain ;  
 Viz., what would excite in *sound* organs of sight  
 The annoyance of which you complain.

“ You, Sir, as you say, are often a prey  
 To gloomy depressing ennui ;  
 So I'll catalogue briefly what remedies chiefly  
 To your case will appropriate be.

“ Intensely lugubrious books are salubrious ;  
 So, a residence deep in a swamp ;  
 In which choose a chamber with a ceiling like amber  
 Sufficiently dirty and damp.

“ Try a tune from young ladies whose playing a trade is,  
 And taste inexpressibly odious ; [sick  
 But beware lest such music should by chance make you too  
 So unbearably anti-melodious.

“ 'Twill be good for your health to wed mere for wealth,  
 Without the least spark of affection ;  
 Resistance to cheering attempts at endearing  
 Is a step in the proper direction.

“ Bear these items in mind, each of which you will find  
 Suicidal intentions will suit ;  
 On an illtempered corn fit a never-yet-worn,  
 Tight, pitiless, heavy, thick, boot.

“ A bad egg, an action at law, tooth extraction,  
 Are proper the temper to \* ;  
 A gumboil, seasickness, a frown from \* ,  
 Or a tour with the sweet \* † .

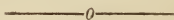
“ If none of these answer, you finally, can, Sir,  
 A funereal evening beguile

\* We omit these rhymes for obvious reasons.



With a miss who is nameless, (for we wish to be blameless,)  
And enjoy her cold poisonous smile.

“ When once you have met her, you’ll never forget her  
And you’ll easily know when you see her :  
If *this* doesn’t cure you, I beg to assure you  
You’ve exhausted our pharmacopœia.”



## A RIDDLE.



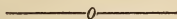
My *First* is the heavy misfortune  
Which victims of Chancery rue :  
Yet thee, my adored, I importune,  
Pray accept it—I offer it you.

’Tis formed of my elegant best coat  
Which cost ready-made two pound nine ;  
Add this neat fancy kerseymere waistcoat,  
Under which beats a heart that is thine.

And down from my bosom extending  
Arrangements prolonged to the feet  
Past the knees which to beauty are bending  
My *First*, and my wardrobe, complete.



At the shrine whither Hymen has beckoned.  
 O fulfil the sweet hope of my soul !  
 Make there " a conjunction " (my *second*);  
 And bless, while you double, my *whole*.



## THE "LITTLE UNKNOWN" MAKES ITS BOW TO THE READER.



Since your'e anxious to make my acquaintance, I hear,  
 I'll give such a specification  
 Of the parts of my name, as must speedily lead  
 To their easy identification.

Well then ; with political views let us start.

My *first* will be found Independent ;  
 And though claimed by both sides, and first in debate,  
 Not caring which gains the ascendant.

And next where to find it ; through all the wide world,  
 North, South, East, and West does it roam ;  
 In the land of the Dane and the Swede it is found,  
 And the African desert's it's home.

On the shore of the sea you would seek it in vain,  
 Though 'tis seen in the billowy tide ;  
 And the mountain and valley must own that to it  
 They owe nearly half of their pride.

From weddings 'tis banished, though oddly enough  
 To the bride indispensable quite ;  
 The Bridegroom ca'n't leave it behind, nor the pair  
 Without it, be wedded aright.

In a thousand more ways it might well be described,  
 Though still indescribable reckoned :  
 But of course you have long before this found it out,  
 So we'll straightway proceed to my second.

Take a walk in the country ; whenever you turn,  
 You will hear it or see it around ;  
 It is born in the banks, from the hedges it springs,  
 And in posts not unfrequently found.

It is thin, it is long, with a tail, and without,  
 Triangular, oblong, and round ;  
 A distinction, a promise, a messenger too,  
 A remark, and a sum, and a sound.

Not much of a lawyer, though doubtless the bar  
 Without it deficient would be,  
 And the Judges themselves bear it's family mark,  
 Like all of exalted degree.

It oft condescends to embellish the foot  
 Of the humblest of pages, and yet  
 In Royalty's pocket 'tis carried about  
 Enveloped in rich silken net.

A light in dark passages, yet not a lamp ;  
 A pony,\* with no tail or mane :

\* In racing phrase.

To the needy most welcome, and chiefly to those  
Who part with it soonest again.

'Tis inquisitive rather sometimes, so they say,  
Indulging in interrogation ;  
And at anything novel, or sudden, or strange,  
Expressing most marked admiration.

It sleeps in brass tubes, till the warrior's breath  
On a sudden awakes it to life ;  
And often such rousing, when War is abroad,  
Is the sign for commencing the strife.

'Tis the child of a fiddle, that instrument gay,  
That has *three or four* " strings to it's bow ;"  
And the fife and the drum are it's parents as well,  
As soon as you give them a "blow."

" Garçon ! " says John Bull, " Voulez vous à moi bring  
" Mon bill ? " " Bien m'sieur, dat is yes "  
The sprightly attendant, scarce gone, reappears,  
And brings—what your'e trying to guess.

'Tis a very great traveller, formerly wont,  
'Neath the wing of a pigeon to sail ;  
But flying's too slow in these go-ahead days,  
So it now whisks about by the rail.

All snugly enveloped ; and as 'tis it's wish  
That it's loyalty well may be seen,  
[You'll laugh at the notion], it wears on it's cloak  
A little square print of the Queen.

It's body is frail, quite transparently thin,  
 Yet it's pulse is the pulse of the nation ;  
 For the general wealth and the briskness of trade  
 Correspond with it's quick circulation.

Now as to my whole ; I'm a *verb*, you must know,  
 Which you all very constantly need ;  
 In warning, and showing, and giving of signs,  
 Most active and useful indeed.

In nature and art nearly all that exists  
 I use, as occasion requires ;  
 And besides have an infinite number of slaves  
 Who exclusively wait my desires.

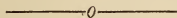
Barometers, figures, and marks of all kinds,  
 Letters, and little brass hands,  
 Weathercocks, signposts, and beacons, and flags,  
 Most actively do my commands.

To catalogue all that I turn to account  
 Would certainly take up the day ;  
 But if you do'nt guess me, *that* fact I shall use  
 In an uncomplimentary way.

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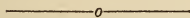
My *first* is expressed satisfaction.  
 My *second* a rural attraction.  
 My *whole* is a business transaction.

Final result of a philosopher's meditations and experience.  
 Happiness, temporal and eternal, depends exclusively  
 on a quiet conscience and good digestion.



Question—Why are clever hypocrites like telescopes ?

Answer—Because they require drawing out before they  
 can be seen through.



Question—Why are fairies in a ballet like French dishes ?

Answer—Because they are dressed with champignons.



## THE LIMERICK MAIL.



The Great South-Western Railway of Ireland which runs  
 from Dublin to Cork treats the good town of Tipperary  
 with rather unceremonious neglect, omitting to pay it's  
 respects to it in person, and merely extending a branch

thither to deliver the live and dead consignments due to it, and receive it's contributions in return. From some unaccountable laxity on the part of the railway directors, no certain information was, some time since, vouchsafed to the public about the times observed on the branch line, so that travellers on being deposited at the point of junction of the Tipperary offshoot with the parent trunk, were frequently doomed to find their cherished hopes of dinner and bed blasted by the withering intelligence that there was no train to convey them to their destination. It was once the misfortune of your humble servant, respected reader, to find himself placed in this undesirable position under circumstances sufficiently adverse to entitle his situation to be considered as an unquestionably "unhandsome fix." It was just twelve o'clock on a miserably wet night in October, when on my arrival at the junction in question, a porter revealed to me that there was no train going on to Tipperary. Sleeping at the Station was impracticable, as the establishment consisted only of a shed. Walking four miles to Tipperary in such weather, and along Tipperary roads, was not an enticing thing to contemplate, and as to cars, "the divle of a taste of one" was there to be had. Since, however, the Station boasted a small tap, the only course to be immediately pursued was obvious; namely, to fortify the inner man against the frowns of fate by a glass of screaming hot whiskey and water, light a cigar, and then deliberate on ulterior proceedings. Having adopted this truly philosophical plan, the next thing to be done was to take an observation of the weather, which con-



tinued as maliciously wet as could be. Through the dense flood of rain, however, which was falling, I caught a dim swimmy glimpse of the red body of a mail coach waiting for letters. "Where does that coach go to?" "Limerick Sir." "Put my bag inside;" and in about twelve seconds more, through extreme fatigue, aided perhaps in its soporific efforts by other considerations not entirely unconnected with "hot without," I had coiled myself up in a corner of the vehicle, and was plunged in the depths of calm intellectual repose, indifferent to external circumstances, and deliciously unconscious of anything whatever. How long this trance of whiskey-and water blissfulness lasted I am unable to state. It was suddenly dispelled by a violent jolt forward which caused me to butt my head like a battering ram against what seemed to it to be a row of buttons. It was too dark to see anything, but the buttons formed a ground for conjecturing that there was probably a waistcoat in connection with them somewhere thereabouts, and inside that, the gentleman "as belonged to it." If such was the case, and the gentleman's chest did'nt happen to be an iron one, the settled conviction was inevitable that it must have been stove in by the concussion. Another jolt, sideways, following close upon the other, caused me to give a cruel dig with my elbows into a substance on my left which felt like the ribs of a human body, and suggested the conclusion that there was an individual in that direction also; moreover, that if he happened to have such a thing as a liver about him, placed in the usual situation of that organ, that it must now be reduced to a state of minute pulverization. A



third concussion which threw me bodily against a large stomach, from its geographical position apparently appertaining to the proprietor of the buttons, gave me a very vivid idea that something was happening. Indeed, something seemed to have already occurred, for the coach was so inclined to one side that it was difficult to understand why it didn't tip over altogether. On putting my head out of window, I found a gigantic fellow, who proved to be the coachman, assisted by the guard and a couple of other men, tugging at the spokes of the off wheels, which had sunk deep into a bog. As the party at intervals united their efforts, an unseen being on the box, rejoicing apparently (from the exhortations constantly addressed to him of "now thin, Mick") in the name of Michael, lashed the horses like a fury. They in return kicked and plunged frantically, so that our jerky process of progression was satisfactorily accounted for. At length after a paroxysm of struggling swearing and kicking more violent than those preceding it, we found ourselves suddenly landed in an horizontal position on terra firma. Then came a bump as if we had run over some large obstacle; and then away went our steeds shooting down a sharpish hill at full gallop, Mick having maddened them by the flogging he had administered, and being now unable to controul the devil he had raised. By the light of the coach lamps it could be discovered that we were skirting a stone wall; and on venturing a small peep into futurity, I made the uncomfortable discovery that there was a sharp turn just ahead of us, and therefore a very strong probability of our ascertaining experimentally the

comparative hardness of the stones and our heads. I therefore prepared for another plunge among the buttons, or a dive into the waistcoat pocket, of my *vis à vis*. In a few seconds more the expected bump took place, but happily much less violent than could have been anticipated. After disembarassing my knees of a large mass of fat gentleman which had been tossed into my lap like a soft brickbat, I jumped out to explore the state of affairs. The pole was against the wall, but, marvellously enough, unbroken; and the horses, though all in a heap, were "alive," which was equally odd, "and kicking" which was'nt odd at all. In a few moments the guard came running up to say that the coachman had been run over, and was dying. We all of course hurried back, and found the unfortunate man being carried by two others into a cabin. A light was struck, and certainly the poor fellow's countenance seemed to justify the worst apprehensions. One at least of the wheels had passed over his thigh, and he fancied that his back was broken. Fortunately there was plenty of whisky in the cabin, so we gave him large drams of it to support him. When he had taken three or four stiff tumblers and still called for more, the expediency of allowing him so much struck me as being rather questionable. The other by-standers however thought otherwise, and seem to consider the suggestion of any one's having too much spirits too preposterous to be seriously entertained for a moment. My notions of a sufficient allowance of grog, were formed on as low and inadequate an estimate of an Irishman's whisky absorbing capabilities, as were the ideas of a

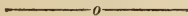
certain little girl who visited the Zoological Gardens, of the big elephant's appetite. When she had administered three buns to her large friend by very minute instalments, and he still insatiably extended his trunk for more, without manifesting the slightest symptom of becoming "an exhausted receiver," she upbraided him with being "a great greedy thing." Mr. Elephant however was far from showing a proper sense of the justice of the impeachment so preferred, for when his tea time came, he found his appetite sufficiently unimpaired by his luncheon to enable him to dispose, without apparent difficulty, of a couple or so of small van-loads of cabbages and a truss of hay, moistening his frugal vegetarian repast with about three fourths of a moderate sized pond of water. It may be alleged in his exculpation, that possibly the three buns may have dropped, among a few dozen apples and other miscellaneous delicacies, of which he amasses a large collection on sixpenny days at the gardens, into the cavity of one of his hollow teeth, and so never reached it's contemplated destination. Do not think me unfeeling, gentle reader, in stopping in the narration of our unfortunate coachman's accident, to talk nonsense. This account is written some time after the event occurred; and it may relieve your humane feelings to be to'd at once that the sufferer eventually proved to have sustained much less serious injury than was anticipated. The scene in the cabin was curious. The place itself was as miserable and dirty as Irish huts must be while the pig continues to live in the enjoyment of unrestricted social intercourse with the family circle of his owner. There were

two beds, consisting of fragments of hurdles, supported by short props to keep them out of the mud of the floor; and on each of these was the phantom of a dirty wisp of straw by way of bedding. These poor caricatures of sleeping places were respectively tenanted by a man and a little boy, his son, who both seemed considerably scared at such an incursion of strangers at such an hour. It was scarcely possible to help laughing at the strong resemblance of the filial nose to the paternal organ; each of which turned up, or rather was sliced off short, so that the nostrils instead of modestly deflecting their orifices towards the ground in the orthodox manner, opened horizontally forward, recalling a resemblance to the muzzle of a double-barrelled gun levelled point blank at you. Both father and son also were thatched with a Caliban-like mat of tangled hair, unspeakably rough, of the rusty red colour so common to Irishmen, and as ferrugineous in hue as if it had been subjected to frequent affusions from the tap of a Chalybeate Spa. Their toilets, poor fellows, gave them little trouble, for it was evident that their one suit or rather envelope of tatters was always on—so far as anything so slightly connected with their persons could in strictness be said to be ever “on” at all. Of what particular denomination of garment their tatters had originally formed a part defied conjecture. If compelled to hazard a guess, I should have said that at some long anterior period of distant remoteness, they had served their country in a sphere of extended utility as potatoe-sacks: till by age and long service their constitution having become thorough-

ly enfeebled beyond the possibility of further repair, they had withdrawn from labours to which their strength was no longer adequate, to form the embellishment of some horticultural scene in the capacity of scarecrows; and eventually, having failed in that character to strike terror to the hearts of small birds by any pretence of resemblance to human attire, they had been adopted by their present owners. It was obvious that they were now rapidly passing into a new phase of being, as tinder. Generally speaking, an Irishman's coat resembles a chess board of which the alternate squares have been cut out, so that tracts of skin, as rough and shaggy as Orson's, as he is represented at minor theatres, are freely disclosed through the vacant spaces. The rapid waning of our inch of rush-light soon began to give us warning that we must decide without delay on what was to be done. We were informed that Limerick was the nearest point where a doctor could be found. Yet the patient seemed so disinclined to move that it was agreed best to leave him, and send medical assistance as soon as possible. However, on my suggesting to him that if we went away he must not have any more whisky, he replied "By G— though, I will, Sir!" with such emphatic quiet resolution, and so evident an intention of drinking himself to insensibility, that we thought it more prudent to bring him on with us. He was therefore placed in the inside of the coach, in as easy a position as could be managed. We "insides" of course turned out to give him more room, and were nearly washed off the roof by the violence of the deluge. Mick officiated as coachman. The notions of driving



which prevailed in his mind were exclusively confined to the one fixed idea of leaving the reins loose and belabouring the horses with the whip ; the consequence of which was, that we scrambled and dashed at full gallop through the mud and water all the way to Limerick, arriving there (to our great surprise, in safety), about five in the morning. Our unfortunate coachman was of course taken at once to his home. We (I multiply myself by two for the sake of euphony) were glad enough to attain the hospitable shelter of Cruise's capital hotel, feeling, as may be supposed after such a ducking, somewhat limp and sodden, and rather disposed to acquiesce in the proposal, had it been made, of hanging us over the back of a chair to dry. In due time we visited the patient, and found he had suffered a good deal of pain, but that the doctor reported no bones broken, and that he would soon be convalescent. The poor fellow was infinitely grateful for a little kindness, and seemed quite cheered by a promise (which we hope yet to fulfil) of coming over to Ireland to have another drive with him. We should certainly prefer to adventure under his conduct rather than under that of our friend Mick, whose views of the management of a team are yet a trifle too vague and unsettled to be compatible with the safety of his passengers ; though, like Jehu, "he driveth furiously."



## THE DESTROYING ANGEL.

---

My tale is heartrending ;  
 I beg your attending  
 Most gravely, and lending  
     Compassionate ears.  
 You'll all have to cry so,  
 A double supply now  
 Must from each brimming eye flow  
     Of pitying tears.

O Miss Emily D—  
 How delightful was she !  
 So remarkably plea-  
     sing attractive and sweet !  
 The admiring emotion  
 Of youths "on promotion"  
 Made quite a commotion  
     When they fell at her feet.

Such her power to please,  
 That, did she but sneeze,  
 They were down on their knees  
     With love overcome :  
 And if she did dance  
 They fell all in a trance,  
 Like the Knight in romance,  
     With extacy dumb.



Soft speeches they made ;  
 Whole fortunes they paid  
 For bouquets, the trade

Was never so brisk.

Having emptied their purses  
 They tried to write verses,  
 But the Muse so perverse is

*That's* rather a risk !

I said she was pretty,  
 Attractive, and witty,  
 Just the person to fit a-  
     ny very nice man ;  
 No foolish vain scoffer  
 To scorn a good offer,  
 Should somebody proffer  
     A conjugal plan.

So people kept saying  
 'Twas odd her delaying,  
 And still prefer staying  
     ("How could she !") a Miss.  
 Alas ! one sad failing  
 I weep in detailing,  
 Made charms unavailing,  
     Videlicet, this.

Indeed it was serious,  
 Sad, and mysterious,  
 Besides deleterious  
     To all she came near :

You knew of her whereabouts,  
 So noisy and rare a rout  
 Heard constantly thereabout,  
 Kept people in fear.

Through the bump "ruination,"  
 Or some conformation  
 Beyond explanation  
 Of body and arm,  
 She broke and upset too,  
 Half killed all she met too,  
 Or soaked them with wet through,  
 Not making them warm !

Have you never then heard  
 Of the scene that occurred ?  
 Now indeed, 'pon my word,  
 All I tell you is true.  
 With greater éclat  
 Than the world ever saw  
 (Though with one little flaw)  
 She made her début.

The guests long assembled  
 Impatience dissembled ;  
 The hostess sore trembled  
 For meat's overdone.  
 We'll own *it is* trying  
 To wait till eight, sighing  
 Sotto voce "I'm dying,  
 Ten pounds for a bun !"

At length with a clattering  
 The knocker loud battering,  
 Arriving feet pattering

Faint spirits revived.

Then followed a crashing,  
 Exclamations, glass smashing,  
 And waterdrops dashing :

Miss D—had arrived !

Perhaps I should state  
 What had made her so late ;  
 The usual sad fate

Her proceedings had traced.  
 See ! that frock, never worn,  
 Looking rather forlorn  
 All crumpled, and torn  
 From the neck to the waist.

And that exquisite pink one,  
 How dreadful to think on !  
 With splotches of ink on

As black as my boot :  
 And that blue one's bright texture  
 Steeped in a rich mixture  
 (Most likely a fixture)  
 Of tallow and soot !

The servant announcing,  
 Names loudly pronouncing  
 Quick followed, in bouncing,  
 Our dangerous friend ;

Many heads made a bump on  
 With pitiless thump on,  
 Bringing toes, with a plump on,  
 To a violent end.

For going down stairs now  
 The hostess prepares to  
 Send the party in pairs, u-  
   niting them thus.

“Viscount Mould, Lady Musty.”

“Colonel Mud, Mrs. Dusty.”

“Sir Toad Stool, Miss Rusty.”

“Lord Cabby, Miss Buss.”

“Lord Charming, Miss D—.”

(Still incog. she must be).

Well contented was she

When, with lowly salaam,  
 Grace and courtesy blending,  
 Politely low bending,  
 His elbow extending,

My Lord gave his arm.

Lord Charming had station,  
 Heart, mind, education;  
 Much above the creation

His pedigree ran :

Young, handsome, and rich,  
 With eyes dark as pitch,  
 What housemaids call “sich

A de-licious young man!”

With his partner delighted  
 He got so excited  
 By dessert he'd have plighted  
     Most likely, his troth :  
 But 'twas rather dismaying,  
 To the vows he was paying  
 Her fingers kept playing  
     A tune on the cloth.

"This is funny behaviour  
 "To thump like a paviour,"  
 "Never lending a grave ear,  
     "Nor noticing me.  
 "Those fingers, "'od rot 'em,"  
 "Since St. Vitus has got 'em,  
 "I wish at the bottom "  
     (So he mused) "of the sea."

"Will nothing engage her?  
 "Does she play for a wager  
 "That triple bob major  
     "On her plate with a spoon?  
 "What a 'Devil's tattoo!'  
 "Pray stop—that will do—  
 "No! she's thumping anew  
     The detestable tune!"

But worse things were coming  
 To my lord, than mere numming,  
 Or innocent strumming;  
     Her elbow goes flap;

And with dreadful commotion  
 (Just guess his emotion !)  
 He receives a whole ocean  
 Of soup in his lap.

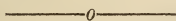
All over his waistcoat,  
 Down the tails of his dresscoat,  
 (E'en his boots in a mess float)  
 The rich fluid spurts.  
 Like Aaron's fine ointment  
 Which on his appointment  
 From his head's highest point went  
 All down to his skirts.

Now dinner was ended  
 The ladies ascended,  
 Lord C's spirits mended,  
 Rejoiced to be free.  
 Ever since, when invited,  
 He says, "O! delighted,  
 But don't kill me quite dead  
 By asking Miss D—."

Our unfortunate Miss  
 Barred from Nuptial bliss,  
 Long languished a mis-  
 anthropic old maid :  
 She set up a tabby,  
 Her temper got crabby,  
 Her cheeks became flabby,  
 Her manners quite staid.

But an old cavalier,  
 In his dotage we fear,  
 Of her own age or near,  
 (That's to say sixty three,)  
 In vain having tried all  
 Other dames for a bridal,  
 Getting quite suicidal,  
 Proposed to Miss D—.

Gentle reader, this line  
 From the bride, begs you'll join  
 Next Monday, at nine,  
 The connubial group.  
 Your'e coming I'll tell her :  
 Old clothes you may well wear,  
 And bring your umbrella  
 In case there is soup.



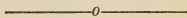
## NEW JONATHANISMS.



1. "Madam, your fly is waiting," as the spider observed to his wife who was too lazy to eat her breakfast.
2. "How nice you look!" as the Ojibbeway said as he smacked his lips and looked at a settler he had caught.



3. " I feel the force of your argument " as the refractory culprit said when the Policeman hit him on the head with his staff.
4. " No more fish, thank you " as Jonah soliloquized on getting ashore.
5. " You will find ' Rowland's Macassar oil ' a most valuable preparation for promoting the growth of hair, " as the Tartar remarked to an enemy whom he had just scalped.
6. " My dancing days are over " as the Will-o'-the-Wisp said when they drained the fen.
7. " I'm passionately fond of children " as the wolf observed on abstracting a fat baby.
8. " He expresses more curiosity than he really feels " as the author remarked of a note of interrogation.
9. " How you made me jump to be sure " as the cat exclaimed with a groan on springing on a sparrow at the top of a high rosebush.
10. " The tale is a fiction though founded on fact, " as the horsedealer said on grafting a fine flowing artificial switch of horse-hair on the bare stump of an old nag.



### OLD JONATHANISMS.



" Triste feretrum ! " as Juvenal exclaimed with a shudder on tasting some Winchester College beer.

“ Dulce decus ” as Virgil observed of a sugarplum ornament.

“ Me percussit campus,” that is, “ I have been smitten by the plain ” as a Roman belle observed on marrying a gentleman of very limited personal attractions.

“ Sic petitur cœlum ” as Mr. Green said on going up in his balloon ; and “ ventis debes ludibrium ” as he added on sending off an adventurous lady in a parachute.

“ Nimium premendo littus iniquum ” “ Which I think has been your case ” as a gentleman was bold enough to say to the Bishop of Exeter when he put Mr. Shore in prison.

“ Gratia dîs ! ” as Ovid cried on winning a game of backgammon.

“ Me penes est vasti custodia mundi ” as the keeper of Mr. Wyld’s great globe at Leicester square soliloquized.

“ Hinc canere incipiam ” as the kettle murmured when the fire began to get very hot.

“ Nube candentes humeros amictus ” as the traveller said of Mont Blanc.

“ Heu nimis longo satiate ludo ” as a lady apostrophized her little boy who fell asleep in the Pantomine.

“ Sine fraude crines ”—Praise which Horace would have felt to be inapplicable to the luxuriant tresses of certain ladies not so young as formerly.

“ Exuerint sylvestrem animum, cultuque frequenti,

In quascunque voces artes haud tarda sequentur,”  
Such was Virgil’s meditation on seeing a set of rustics undergoing their first drill for the militia.

“ELOISA TO ABELARD.”

OR A LETTER FROM A HOUSEMAID TO HER TRUANT SWEETHEART.

---

Come back ! thou gay deceiver,  
 Restore thy truant love  
 To her as sits a griever  
 Thy lorn and widdered duv.

My heart is broke I fear me  
 While for my swain I pant ;  
 Come back my hown and cheer me,  
 For thou art all I want.

Bring back that face divine,  
 Them golden tresses gay ;  
 Them eyes which brightly shine  
 Eclipsing quite the day.

Under these chesnut trees  
 I want them accents dear  
 Vich fell like visperin' breezes  
 Upon my wirgin ear.

Even your old umbrello,  
 The very clothes you wear,  
 That pair of slippers yellow,  
 To me are are always dear.

Thy battered hat I dote on  
 (Thy odd-shaped head it suits);  
 The stock thy long thin throat on  
 And e'en—those old cloth boots !

In doin' of the fender  
 I rub and cry and sob,  
 And with my weepings tender  
 I've rusted all the hob.

Or if I ply my brush  
 To make the oil-cloth shiny,  
 My eyes full fountains gush,  
 And make the suds all briny.

So, conquered by despair,  
 Aside my tub I lay,  
 Obligated to give the stair-  
 carpets a jubilee.

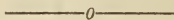
How I forgets myself !  
 Absent, through thoughts of thee,  
 Going to the store-room shelf  
 I took no tithe of tea !!

To leave me after wooing me  
 Would really be too bad ;  
 Think how you'd have been doing me  
 Of the swains I might have had.

O Tummas, dear, 'tis cruel  
 To leave me thus alone.  
 Come back my flower, my jewel,  
 My beautiful, my own !

Can I forget thee ? never !  
 O no ! whate'er betide,  
 Believe me, I am ever  
 Thine own devoted bride.

her  
 Polly × Scrubbins  
 mark.



## SERENADE OF THE SENTIMENTAL SHOPKEEPER.



“ Bright angel of my destiny !  
 Hear thy fond lover's prayer !  
 (I thought as much, those horrid spikes  
*Have* made a dreadful tear.)

“ Why tarriest thou, mine own adored,  
 So cruelly, to bless  
 These eyes ? (her mistress don't allow  
 No followers, I guess.)

“ Why art so coy ? o hide not, love;  
That countenance so rich  
In each angelic charm divine !  
(Lor’ how my chilblains itch !)

“ Can’s’t then unworthy thralldom brook ?  
Can’s’t bend to tyranny ?  
Nay, thither flee where wait for thee  
Love, (and a one-horse fly.)

“ Take refuge here, within these arms  
No evil need’s’t thou fear ;  
( O ! if their surly footman John  
Should come and catch me here !)

“ Behold, what vistas bright of wealth  
And bliss before thee shine !  
(A tidy business in the wood,  
Coal, and potatoe line.)

“ See too this token, love, I plead,  
The vow thou mad’s’t herewith ;  
(Yes, Martha, yes, you promised me  
That you’d be Mrs. Smith.)

“ Think’s’t thou I could desert thee then  
In danger, death, or woe ?  
(There’s some one at the pantry door !  
Perhaps I’d better go.)”

[Exit with considerable precipitation.]

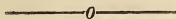
## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FROM THE SECOND NUMBER OF "THE RUSHLIGHT."

- 
- L.C. Henry VIII did *not* marry Boadicea an the morn-  
ing after the battle of Marathon.
- H.P. Cicero was, we believe, lessee of the Haymarket  
Theatre in 1789. .
- H.E.P. Cows eyes are not generally made of sugar,  
though those of *bulls* sometimes are.
- E.M.P. "Venice Preserved" is not a pickle.
- C.M.F. The Great St. Leger was never, to our recollec-  
tion, won by a towel horse.
- A.E.J. The elephant who broke his *trunk* last year was  
admitted to the hospital for disorders of the chest.
- C.H.B. Gold and silver fish are spawned from those  
which are hung at the doors of fishing tackle  
shops.
- J.L.R. "French leaves" are not always taken from the  
gardens in the Tuilleries. Botanically, they  
belong to the natural order "coolhandaceæ."
- M.A.J. The book called "Mason's Gray" is an account  
of a favourite white nag of Mr. Mason's.



- H.F. Mr. Moses had not quite finished painting his mart in the minories when he led the Israelites through the Red Sea.
- W.D.S. Raphael's "lodges" were *not* at the entrance of his park.



### FROM THE SAME.

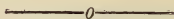


#### NOTICE TO TALLOW CHANDLERS AND OTHERS:



We wish strongly to recommend to public notice the valuable patent matches of Misses \* and Company, by which this Rushlight was rekindled. There is nothing deleterious in their composition, which consists simply of a grain of fun, two ditto of good temper, and one fourth of a grain of nonsense. We are about to issue a second order for these matches, and hope to receive some specimens also from other patentees, as those only who help to kindle the Rushlight can enjoy it's light. The patent bellows of the above spirited firm have also

been found remarkably effective in blowing young sparks into a flame. We venture in conclusion to express a hope that all the young ladies of our acquaintance will make good matches.



### A FABLE.

[Addressed to \* \* in danger from a fair cousin  
staying with him.]



There walked in a garden, slow, sober, sedate,  
A Youth, plunged in deep meditation ;  
For the serious question of changing his state,  
And taking the charming Miss \* for his mate,  
Was the theme of his deliberation.

His heart whispered "marry," but prudence said "no !"  
No wonder his mind was distracted :  
Till a small globe of froth, like a flake of fresh snow,  
Many-coloured as Iris's glittering bow,  
Our ponderer's notice attracted.

Red, yellow, and violet, purple, and green,  
 Were refracted therein and reflected;  
 [Such things you, sweet reader, must often have seen,  
 And therefore know perfectly well what I mean]  
 —Little bubbles in parties collected.

Our friend, the phenomenon further to see,  
 Curiosity tempted to linger;  
 And he took, greatly wondering what it might be,  
 [For the truth must be owned, a sad Cockney was he]  
 The froth on the tip of his finger.

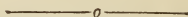
Then wishing ulterior search to pursue  
 As to what such a ball might contain,  
 He breathed on it : sudden ! each gossamer hue  
 Disappeared, and the bubbles dispersed into dew  
 In an infinitesimal rain.

The bubbles and rainbow were gone, and behind  
 There remained, to his finger tight clinging,  
 A green little maggot, round, bloated, and blind,  
 In a very unaimable cross frame of mind,  
 Which it showed by incessantly stinging.

“ Even so,” mused our Cœlebs, “ does Hymen’s stern reign  
 “ Light frothy appearances banish ;  
 “ When the fair fisher-woman has netted her swain,  
 “ Accomplishments thenceforth neglected remain,  
 “ And graces illusory vanish.

" And man, silly dupe, when he thinks that a ring  
 " Has the love of an angel secured,  
 " Dismayed, clasps a grublike inanimate thing,  
 " Which, (if not exactly possessed of a *sting*,)  
 " Has a *tongue* that can never be " cured."

" So then many thanks, little maggot, to thee  
 " For affording such food for reflection ;  
 [Here he gently replaced the small grub on a tree]  
 " For the fair all my feelings in future shall be  
 " Confined to Platonic affection."



### BLARNEY CASTLE.



[We need not insult the reader by observing that kissing  
 the "Blarney stone" is supposed to secure the faculty  
 of eloquence.]

Nobody of course thinks of visiting Cork without seeing  
 the celebrated castle and groves of Blarney, which are  
 only three or four miles distant from the city. The  
 castle is a rather picturesque old ruin with a high tower.  
 The "Groves" consists of some pretty gardens adjoining.

Wishing of course to do the whole duty of "Tourists," and at the same time improve our command of our vernacular by kissing the Blarney Stone, we desired to have that famous mineralogical specimen pointed out to us, for the purpose of paying our respects to it in the orthodox fashion. Our guide, a half-fossilized old lady, as wrinkled and tanned as a Normandy pippin, showed us first a stone of inferior virtue, which she insisted must be kissed previously to the one which is so celebrated as the conferrer of fluency. We obediently went through this preparatory ceremonial with as much tender seriousness as we could muster. When however our friend proceeded to suggest that we should extend our endearments to five or six other stones, each rougher than the last, we began to be apprehensive that we were being put through an initiatory system or course of salutation-practice, designed to introduce us gradually to the far sterner labour of an amatory performance on the undainty cheek of the antiquated old Gorgon herself. Kissing the flints was simply silly, but we felt that on the question of the old Irishwoman, our feelings, not to say stomachs, would have recoiled from any projects of approach, as decisively as they are said to forbid the still we believe unachieved feat of eating a sugared oyster. We therefore declined to operate on more than three or four stones, and so preserved our lips from a state of excoriation which would have proved an effectual bar to fluency, and involved the necessity of resort to liberal applications of cold cream and lipsalve. The fact (it is said) is, that the real stone of gift-of-the-gab-conferring efficacy holds an exalted

situation halfway up the Castle wall, and is therefore inaccessible to the general public. A giraffe indeed might possibly avail itself of it's advantages, but those animals have hitherto manifested a singular absence of excitement on the subject, amounting indeed to a totally apathetic indifference to the opportunities of self-improvement which are thus open to them. We cannot say that we found our powers of expression materially extended by our visit to Blarney. From subsequent experience, I am disposed to think that the apple market at Cork is the best school for acquiring the gift of fluency. It must however be confessed that the particular style of oratory there displayed is apt to become at times over impassioned ; and, under the impulse of excitement, the "*argumenta ad hominem*," or more properly speaking, "*ad foeminam*," are occasionally more florid in their character than a severe and rigid chastity of style might sanction. On the occasion of my visit to the Mart in question, a little playful badinage was going on between certain of the female dispensers of the bounties of Pomona, which resulted eventually in the irruption of a strong body of constabulary, and the incarceration, after a desperate scrimmage, and a lamentable destruction of pipes, of all parties engaged in the discussion. It was our sad fate at school some years since, to be dragged through a classical treatise on the Art of eloquence, of most depressing dreariness. The dull cut-and-dried maxims and precepts which the author therein inculcates, though couched no doubt in exquisite Latin, form as dusty a collection of rubbish as devoid of any practical utility or interest as ever were compiled by man.



It still makes us yawn to think of the drowsy hours that we used to spend over the interminable pages of that hateful disquisition; to be roused after a time, perhaps, from a state of calm desperation into the activity of derisive indignation at the wretchedness of the miserable quibbles which the Author proposes as model jokes. Therefore, gentle reader, should you be afflicted with a monomania for becoming an orator, and are bent on employing all the artificial methods of attaining that desired consummation, eschew "*Cicero de Oratore*." Go rather to Blarney. Kiss affectionately all the stones in it's old walls, till the friction has filed down your nose from that exquisite aquiline (for which, without knowing you, we give you, in our friendliness, unhesitating credit) to the form of a flatbottomed turnip radish. Excoriate your lips till you have amassed a tall pyramid of empty pommade pots on your dressing table, and communicated a feverish animation to the lipsalve trade; and finally, crown your martyrdom by the culminating penance of embracing the Gorgon. You have our best wishes for your preservation through that formidable ordeal.

—o—

MR. BELL.

—

[Mr. Vores, incumbent of the Church of St. Mary-in-the-hill at Hastings, gave, in the winter of 1848, readings of



Macaulay's History of England to parties of ladies who worked during the process; whence the réunions came to have the name of "Working parties." Envious persons said that spinster ladies found the handsome curate Mr. Bell a greater attraction than Macaulay. Miss Eleanor \* while dressing for a "Working party" was overheard to soliloquize in the following manner, which may perhaps elucidate the point respecting Mr. Bell.]

How nice these small réunions are !

Our Vicar reads *so* well ;

(Besides one *rather* likes to meet

That charming Mr. Bell.)

The Hastings spinsters mightily

Do dote upon the Pel-

ham Chapel, but the attraction is

The enchanting "Chapel Bell."

The "Chapel" I too own I love

When 'tis without the 'el,'

For o ! the "chap" is my delight

The handsome Mr. Bell.

How rapturously I gaze upon

Those whiskers, and the del-

icate complexion of that dear

Delightful Mr. Bell.

Such teeth ! such eyebrows, and such eyes !

Such fingers, and such el-

egant feet, and so sweet a voice  
Has the melodious Bell.

Its "bells" let Canterbury boast;  
The Scotch vow their's excel,  
But O! their *bluebells* never will  
Compare with "that 'ere bell." (harebell!)

The other night our gazes met  
O then it was I fel-  
t Macaulay not alone was re(a)d  
When I saw Mr. Bell.

We supped; with love and extacy  
I felt my bosom swell;  
How sweet did seem each ice and cream  
When brought by Mr. Bell.

But much I fear small chance have I  
Within his heart to dwell;  
For all the ladies set their caps  
To 'cap'tivate the Bell.

The Misses D, Miss B, Miss E.,  
And J—ss—e, J—e, and N—ll,  
Miss Sm—th, Miss Cr—ke, and fifty more  
All pulling at this Bell.

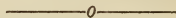
Though envious ladies say you think  
Of charming more than rel-  
igion, yet I will always be  
Your "clapper," Mr. Bell.

If I were Queen, the very first  
 Bishopric that vacant fell  
 I'd give to you, and put you in  
 The se(e)a my diving-Bell.

Gladly a Cockney would I be  
 'Mid London smoke to dwell,  
 Always to be within the sound  
 Of my beloved "Beau-Bell."

The other night he "wrung" my hand  
 Whispering I was "a belle;"  
 But o! thought I, do drop the "e,"  
 And call me Mrs. Bell.

If to my heart "a-peal" he'd made,  
 I'd have become his (k)nell;  
 Besides, 'twould be a novelty  
 To be "ringed" by a Bell.



AN INCIDENT IN CHESTER TERRACE,  
 MAY 29th, 1850.



The blazing tide of yellow light  
 Ebb'd down the western sky,

And shadowy evening's filmy mists  
 Crept onward stealthily.

What time the timid violet  
 Veiled her bright eye's gay beam  
 Lest the cold clammy dews of night  
 Should dim it's golden gleam.

Two nymphs, at such soft witching hour,  
 Their lovely forms displayed  
 To careless graceful ease resigned  
 Beneath the greenwood shade:

In converse sweet; but suddenly  
 They start, and gaze around,  
 Like wild-deer, when with beating heart  
 She hears the opening hound.

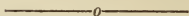
Nay, foolish tremblers, start not thus;  
 No impious voice or eye  
 Of dull gross child of clay would dare  
 To invade your privacy.

'Twas but the sorrowing nightingale  
 Wooing the modest rose;  
 Or the beetle humming his drowsy song  
 To lull you to repose.

Perchance 'twas that the Zephyr, while  
 With frolicsome caresses  
 He gambolled, tossing merrily  
 Yon willows soft green tresses,

Alas ! too late repenting him  
 Of play ungently rash,  
 Has some too delicate a stem  
 Snapped with a tiny crash.

But list ! that warning voice again !  
 The nymphs look up, and see  
 A most un-Zephyr-like thing who roars  
 “ Jess ! *will* you come to tea. !”



## ON THE VIEW FROM THE FAULHORN.



“ O surely scene was never wrought  
 “ By Nature’s wizzard hand  
 “ In her bright fancy’s happiest mood  
 “ So beautiful and grand !

So mused I, as on Faulhorn’s side  
 One afternoon I lay,  
 And from that glorious ‘belvedere’  
 Watched the declining day.

In front the Giant Wetterhorn  
 Like some grim fortress rose ;

And his glacier-robe swept his feet below  
 With a glittering train of snows.

Above, the mighty piles of ice  
 (So wondrously they gleamed  
 Tower on tower, spire on spire,)  
 Like fairy city seemed.

Sudden, as sank the sun, those peaks  
 Of Crystal clear and cold,  
 As though by touch of alchemist,  
 Glowed deep like molten gold.

Long time I fain would there have stayed  
 Regardless of the advance  
 Of evening with her chilling dews,  
 Wrapped in delicious trance.

But envious clouds of threatening hue  
 Across the sky 'gan hurry ;  
 And the wind brought a whispered sound  
 " Matilda ! where's our Murray ? "

—o—

## A LECTURE AT THE ROTUNDA AT DUBLIN.

—

One evening during the dull season at Dublin, my attention (as I prowled about in search of amusement) was attracted by a notice that Mrs. \* \* would lecture

in one of the rooms at the Rotunda on something connected with the encumbered-estates-commission, but what particular point the lady had selected for elucidation appeared not by the advertisement, nor, subsequently, did she herself appear to have formed any very definite notions on the subject. She sat, poor soul, in a sort of ambush waiting for her prey at the door of the lecture room, with a mighty bundle of tickets and a capacious money bag, fondly deluding herself with the expectation that half the élite of Dublin were coming to be enlightened; but at the time of my arrival there were only two or three, or it might have been four, people in the room, one of whom, from the vehement periodical gratification that he manifested at precisely regular intervals during the course of the lecture, suggested the suspicion that he enjoyed the advantage of not being altogether unconnected with the lady lecturess. There were also two little boys (who could not be supposed to be attracted by any particularly vivid interest in the working of the Encumbered-estates-commission) so very much better behaved than little boys usually are or ought to be, in fact so painfully and unnaturally good, as to cause strong misgivings in the minds of the other spectators that they had the proud privilege of calling our instructress mama. The audience having swelled at last to the number of eight, the lecturess began her discourse with a most woefully and intolerably dull history of somebody's pedigree. Happily, however, for us, some dancing dogs and monkees were performing in the next room, so that we had the full benefit of the music, and of the cheerful gushes of



merriment proceeding from the spectators of the rival entertainment. Being unwilling to wound the good lady's feelings by manifesting a want of interest in her discourse, I glided gradually and silently to the door, and stealthily emanated thereby; but as the rest of the audience, taking the hint, appeared almost instantaneously in a similar manner in the passage, the probabilities are strongly in favour of our talented friend's having finished her evening in a strictly quiet and domestic manner, in the society of her husband and two little boys. I hope so!

---

A Lady having observed that a certain person was very like his Dog Billy, the individual in question thus acknowledged the compliment.

Now do you really mean to say

A likeness you can see?

A very handsome fellow then

I certainly must be!

You flatter though, for Billy's face

Is fair, and mine's a dark one,

Like coal-black-Rose's, whose jet cheek

Ink made a snowy mark on!\*

\* (As being so much lighter in colour.)

Perhaps if he wrote poetry,  
*That* might resemble mine.  
 My English rhymes are "doggrel" verse,  
 My Latin verse, "canine."

But, grateful for the compliment,  
 I hope you'll ever find  
 Your friends, like Billy, always prove  
 Unchanging, firm, and kind.

These qualities so excellent  
 Most prominently show,  
 But many, not so obvious,  
 Lie unobserved below.

Tell him a secret ; on his faith  
 You safety may depend :  
 A resolute protector, he,  
 An entertaining friend ;

For when gay wit exhausted flags,  
 And mirth begins to fail,  
 Billy alone is never found  
 Without a "waggish ta(i)le."

In all his ways he shows himself  
 A pattern of gentility ;  
 To no one ever offered he  
 The slightest incivility.

Except the affair of honour once  
 With the detested Rattz,

And the slight misunderstanding with  
The family of Kattz.

Of "puppyism" in his youth  
He suffered much accusal,  
But failings common to his race  
May surely claim excusal.

No misdemeanour e'er has he  
Been guilty of, save one ;  
[And pray what saint could say as much ?]  
He stole a mutton bone.

And readily did we forgive  
That first and last offence,  
For no one ever shewed so much  
Unfeignéd penitence.

In fine, if people generally  
Had a few more of his  
Good qualities, the world would be  
Much better than it is.

Farewell ! and for the compliment  
You've paid me, I intend  
To rank you, *after Billy*, my  
Most venerated friend.

## NEW WORDS TO THE "IVY GREEN"

VIDE PICKWICK, CHAPTER 6.

---

O a brisk young blade is the lively f—a !  
 A forager brave and bold !  
 Like a jolly fat alderman revelleth he,  
 And feasteth on young and old.  
 O'er Queen and o'er beggar alike he goes  
 To tickle his dainty whim,  
 And the soft little plump little baby's nose  
 Is a delicate meal for him.

Creeping—creeping—creeping where no life you se,  
 A brisk young blade is the lively f—.

Whole ages shall pass and their works decay,  
 And nations be scattered quite ;  
 But changes and chances never shall stay  
 Our friend's lively appetite.  
 O'er featherbeds hopping, his maw to fill,  
 At midnight still wandereth he :  
 For highest and lowest we all must still  
 Be food for the lively f—.

Creeping—Creeping—&c.

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“THE NEW REFORM BILL.”

---

'Tis a trite observation enough, that a rage  
 For rapid advance is the mark of our age.  
 Lo ! daily achieving fresh victories, Science  
 Old Error triumphantly sets at defiance.  
 Whole tribes of deep mysteries ending in “ology”  
 Are studied, except our old friend the mythology.  
 No wonder 'tis so, for King Jupiter far  
 In power and pride is eclipsed by the Czar,  
 And the great Hebrew melodist, musical Moses,  
 More wonderful strains than Apollo composes.  
 The testy old Juno with envy has seen  
 How heartily Englishmen doat on their Queen,  
 And is fain to acknowledge, in matters of state,  
 Her notions of government quite out of date.  
 At length, as we hope, after much hesitation  
 The Court of Olympus intends alteration :  
 Should such a Reform Bill be passed, we presume  
 The Muses will don the new Bloomer Costume.  
 Terpsichore chiefly will relish the notion  
 In polking 'twill greatly facilitate motion :  
 And shortly her talented sister Thalia,  
 No longer from Phœbus will borrow his lyre,  
 But something entirely different, which is  
 Inconceivable wholly videlicet——.

Other deities, mimicking their good example,  
 On their old-fashioned garments and habits will trample :  
 In long satin skirts then Apollo will rustle,  
 And grace adventitious acquire by a———.

Diana will follow the fashion so far  
 As to talk of casinos, and smell of cigar :  
 Sweet Venus will revel in waistcoats, like Toots, \*  
 And stump about Delos in Wellington boots.

Our friend Colonel Mars will appear on parade  
 With the new “metropolitan rifle brigade ;”  
 And learned Minerva will mount a cravat,  
 For a helmet, a “patent collapsible hat :”

And the wicked who dare with Jove’s thunders to trifle  
 Will be shot ‘at long range’ by his minié rifle.

The Syrens, those dangerous flirts, shall not harm  
 Poor sailors decoyed by their musical charm ;  
 But returning at last to behaviour much properer  
 Will from their “*Strand* theatre” come to the Opera,  
 And cause only “storms” of applause, and make “squalls”  
 For those who can “raise enough wind” for the stalls.

Old Neptune will yield his command of the main ;  
 (Screw Steamers have lately usurped his domain) :  
 And Bacchus must turn “total-abstinence” lecturer,  
 Since people enamoured of “Soyer’s rich nectar” are.

Poor Mercury’s all in the dumps, for alas !  
 With him, things are come to a terrible pass ;  
 Like other “conveyancers,” sadly ill-paid,  
 And railways are utterly spoiling his trade.

No chance of his having to carry a letter,

\* Vide “David Copperfield.”

That's done for a penny so very much better ;  
 For heavier matters the gods vote him slow,  
 And have taken to patronize Pickford and Co. ;  
 And as to express-work, that Wheatstone has wrecked it all,  
 And " put out his pipe " with his horrid electrical ;  
 With a rival like that competition was vain,  
 Ten questions a second, and answered again !  
 Tis said that a lucrative part of his trade is  
 To marshall poor ghosts to the regions of Hades ;  
 But railways and quacks, with their murderous tricks,  
 Absorb all the traffic from hence to the Styx.  
 So indeed, though the change of condition is sad,  
 He'd be glad of a place as an omnibus " cad,"  
 Or to flame in the Company's glowing red livery  
 Of the " London and General parcels delivery."  
 Soon will Pluto be forced by the march of the age  
 To abdicate Hades, and come on the stage ;  
 For Tisiphone's halls, and the Stygian fen,  
 Are pleasant retreats as compared with Cayenne :  
 And Cerberus snarling with triple-toothed armoury  
 Is'nt half such a Tartar as Paris gendarmerie.  
 Ere long then at Astley's his dreadful ex-majesty  
 Will appear in the pantomime " Pluto Rex, travestie ;"  
 To the wild inexpressible gratification  
 Of little boys home for the Christmas vacation :  
 See ! he waggles a huge Brobdignagian head,  
 And wields for a sceptre a pitchfork instead,  
 With a nose all phosphoric, and flame-coloured crown,  
 Till presto ! begone ! change ! and lo ! he is clown !



“SURELY YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN.”

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A TRAGEDY, IN ONE ACT.

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*Dramatis Personæ.*

Mrs. Easydupe, a lady of confiding charity.

Monsieur Polisson Scapin, a French political refugee, not sufficiently appreciated in English Society.

Police Constable W, of the E division.

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Scene. A lady's morning room; breakfast things and several letters on the table. Enter Mrs. Easydupe.

“Come, Come, a pretty tolerable crop of letters this morning! more than usual I think, though the Postman is always pretty liberal in his favours to me. Since engaging myself so actively in the service of charitable institutions I am sometimes quite flooded with communications respecting them. Let us see what the first letter has to say for itself: (looking at the seal) “P.J.I.F.P.” on the seal; o yes, the “Propagation of the Jews in foreign parts.” I believe our operations are now on a very extended scale; (reads) merely the usual circular. (Taking another) what is this? yes, I guessed as much, “The Australian-aborigines-and-general-barbarian-amelioration-and-mollification-society.” Capital undertaking this! (reads) want more funds they say; well they shall have them, and most welcome. I cannot think how it is that we do not get more subscriptions. I should have

supposed now that we should have had great difficulty in controuling the eagerness of the crowd of applicants, who would have been anxious to engage in a project of such peculiar interest. Next, (taking another letter) comes a note from our worthy secretary of the "Ojibbeway-moral-and-religious-tract-distribution-institute." Now there is some difference, I am aware, in the judiciousness of various charitable undertakings, however otherwise praiseworthy, but I am quite sure there can be none about *this*. They tell me that those poor benighted savage Ojibbeways actually eat one another! How shockingly wrong! So unwholesome too! It is to be feared that they must be lamentably deficient in sound principle. However there are now good grounds for hoping that such objectionable practices will soon cease, for our society's beautiful little tracts can scarcely fail to exert the most salutary influence. I am sure those engaging little village tales "Tidy Tommy," "Maria Meekly," and "Simple Sally" would mollify the most savage heart. I don't remember by the bye that anything was done about translating them into the Ojibbeway language; and possibly, after all, those wild people might not be able to read, supposing they had been translated; or at any rate might not be at all inclined to take the trouble to do so: however, we must hope of course for the best. Now for number three, (takes another letter). O this it seems is an invitation to join a newly formed society which has, apparently, a most laudable object in view. It calls itself "The Caffre trouser-and-petticoat-introduction-association." Such a plan must, I am sure, recommend itself

to any one with even the faintest notions of propriety. I will certainly write to the Secretary, and desire him to add my name to the list of members: and, by the way, it occurs to me that it may be desirable to suggest to him at the same time, that as we shall have to speak of the matter in mixed assemblies, we should, for obvious reasons, modify our title into the "Caffre-inexpressible-and-in-conceivable-recommendation-association." What comes next? (taking another letter). "The Omnibus drivers' gratuitous-cold-beef-distribution-society." I am sure we are doing right *there*: a thing of the kind was so much wanted; as is conclusively proved by the prodigious consumption of cold beef, which I am happy to say is most unparalleled; amounting indeed to something quite preternatural, and forming a striking social phenomenon of a deeply interesting and pleasing character. Then here (taking another letter) is an humble solicitation for a contribution to the "Coalheavers' white kid glove fund;" also (taking another letter) a similar request on behalf of the "Philanthropic institution for the protection of London cats." Here (taking another letter) we have a report from the "Cabmen and general ablution alliance:" also, (taking another letter) a circular from the "Small Sweep sympathetic society." Poor dear little boys! I'm sure I wouldn't have any chimney of mine swept on any account (though the soot does come down rather too copiously at times) for fear they should make one of those poor little innocent victims climb up it. O I am glad to find this (taking another letter) because it is a little note from a society which I have at heart perhaps more than

any other, "The Charity-Children-chilblain-lotion-dispensary." We relieved, in the course of last winter, more than ten thousand little sufferers, afflicted by an aggregate amount of fifteen thousand chilblains. I'm rejoiced to hear (opening another letter) from Mrs. Noodlesoft that the "Charitable-convict-conciliation-company" is so flourishing. I cannot think what the poor dear people who are so unfortunate as to be transported, would do on their return to this country, unless somebody took care of them. And they really are, if people would only believe it, so extremely deserving. Their hearts are softened by their sufferings, for they always seem so good and gentle and grateful for the little help we give them, and are so sincere in their intentions of amendment. There was a most touching instance of the kind, which came under my own immediate notice. Let me see, what was his name? Lovingspoon, I think. Well, he heard of our operations, and was anxious, with my poor assistance, again to become an useful member of society. I do not think he could ever have become an *ornament* also to society, poor fellow! for he was so marked with the small-pox, and he had lost the bridge of his nose, and also had had one eye knocked out (by a fall down stairs, I think he said) and he was moreover so unfortunate in the general expression of his countenance, that, as I said before, I do not think he could ever have hoped to become an ornament to his country, physionomically considered. Well, the dear fellow used to come every day about luncheon time, in a sociable way, to consult me about his plans, and for a little general good advice;

and it was altogether so pleasant. Let me see, he came every day I think for a month—November, I think, no, December—no it *was* November after all. I recollect now, because it was just then that I lost my jewels, and he was so very sorry indeed about it. At last he could’nt come any more, for they most unjustifiably shut him up in Newgate. Poor dear fellow! I never heard exactly what reason they alleged for treating him so harshly, except that it was something in connexion with some spoons. They must have been all sadly mistaken if they suspected him of stealing, for I never saw a person so earnestly good. I remember hearing that when they searched him at the Station House, they found a great deal of ladies’ jewellery upon him, most likely some ornaments which the good generous soul had saved up his little earnings to buy as a present for somebody. However it *was* an unlucky circumstance that he happened to have them about him just then, because it was so liable to misinterpretation by people who didn’t know the sterling worth of his character so well as I did. Yes, I remember their saying (as if that was any corroboration of the justice of their suspicions!) that one of the rings they found upon him had Lord Goldnose’s name on it. Now my poor friend was acquainted with Lord Goldnose, at least he told me once that he had been at Lord Goldnose’s house one night, and he smiled too, I recollect, when he mentioned the circumstance (his smile was anything but pleasant certainly!) and I dare say he took up the ring then by mistake; he was *so* absent. On one occasion he put my smelling bottle into his pocket, and



was so much obliged to me (as I happened to observe it) for calling his attention to the circumstance. Poor dear fellow ! so amiable and sociable, and so simple that a child might have led him. He was quite the idol of his friends, who had more scope than myself for observing his fine qualities. By way of endearment I am told that they never called him by his proper name, but addressed him by the playful little soubriquet of "the polite prigster." Well, well ! he is in Newgate, poor fellow ! Now I must just read this last letter, and then have breakfast. It is (opening it) in the handwriting of Aminadab Spoon, our excellent president of the "French-and-general-fugitive-foreigner friendship and fraternization society." What does he say ? (reads) "Dear Mrs. Easydupe ; Knowing how warmly your dear, generous, and philanthropic heart interests itself in the practical working of our society, I have ventured to send you an individual, a most interesting person, at whose disposal I purpose placing some of the Society's funds. It is a case calculated to excite our deepest sympathy, while we rejoice that an opportunity is offered of proving indisputably to the world the admirable utility of our institution. Monsieur Scapin Polisson (such is his name) is a distinguished political refugee, of a noble French family, and reduced by the revolution of 1848 to embarrassed circumstances. He will relate to you his touching tale in his own thrilling words. He begged to be allowed to call on you, not with the view of soliciting pecuniary assistance, but merely to see and clasp by the hand Her whom he knows and loves already as the friend and benefactress of his countrymen in mis-

fortune and to derive what little comfort he may from engaging your sympathy with him in his affliction. I have therefore presumed on your kindness so far as to venture to tell him that he might call on you tomorrow at ten o'clock. I am, dear Mrs, E, your's very faithfully, Aminadab Spoon." Dear me (looking at her watch) it is now just ten. I must get breakfast over before my visitor comes." (Bustles about, and presently a knock is heard at the door.) Enter Polisson Scapin.

P. Scapin. "Madame Easydupe, your très humble serviteur. I have solicited de honneur to make you disleetle visite from your très estimable ami le monsieur Aminadab Spoon. But I see dat your ladyship has not yet had her déjeûner. Should you vish dat I should call at a leetle later?"

Mrs. E. "O by no means! pray take a seat Mr. Scapin. May I offer you some breakfast?"

P. Scapin. "Tousand tanks, I am obliged infiniment, mais non. Les malheurs, madame, m'ont enlevé l'appétit dès longtemps. I ask madame her pardon, but I no speak de goot English."

Mrs. E. "Pray Sir, be seated. Allow me to offer you something. Pray try to eat: it will be prudent to take a morsel, if only for the sake of your health."

P. Scapin. "Madame, you are an ange descendu des cieux! I will take den de least leetle bagatelle." (pockets a spoon by way of carrying out his intentions, and begins eating voraciously).



Mrs. E. "I take the deepest interest in your afflictions, Sir. If you will relate your story to me, you will find that I sympathize with you most cordially."

P. Scapin. "Madame is too good—she is too kind—yes I shall make her the conte of my misfortunes, and shall bless her for her sympathy with de malheureux." (laying one hand on his heart, and with the other surreptitiously 'adopting' another spoon.) "Madame, you see before you one of de noble famille de Scapin Polisson; de Scapin Polisson, who, de while notre très cher Louis Philippe was on the trône was de friend—l'ami chéri of de king. We vas as brothers, there was no secret hid de one from the other, we had swored an amitié éternelle. Quant à moi, madame, I vas riche; my chateau vere de king come to make me de leetle visites vas de most joli of all de France. My hearth was entouré by de most beaux enfans of all de monde—six daughters with faces like de rose and eyes like de star, vat you call in England de bright vairies, and my Louise (with emotion) mon épouse—ah she vas. . . . ." (sobs) (then raising his head and observing a portrait hanging on the wall) "mais que vois je? vat is dat I see? dat picture!" (points to it earnestly. Mrs. E. looks at it, whereon the Scapin takes the opportunity of abstracting

her smelling-bottle) who is dat? les yeux! l'air divin! les cheveux! regardez madame! (keeps her attention directed to the picture, while he successively pockets the sugar tongs, forks, &c.) oui!—voyez!—mais ce ne se peut pas! c'est impossible, and yet dere is but one being in de world with ces beaux yeux—oui c'est elle même!"

Mrs. E. "Sir! that picture? That is *my* portrait!"

P. Scapin. "Ah Madame comme donc je vous aime! comme je vous adore! (stretches forth his hands in an impassionate manner, and takes the opportunity of pouncing on her watch unobservedly). Madame, du fond de ce cœur je.....(overcome) Madame, I said dat you vas an ange descendu des cieux, you so ressemblez to ma très chere Marie."

Mrs E. "I beg your pardon Sir! but I thought I understood you that her name was *Louise*."

P. Scapin. (with confusion) "Ah y-e-e-s c'est Marie, but I did call her Louise as a petit soubriquet de tendresse, vat you call a leetle nicky name."

Mrs. E. (aside) "Ah what a touching trait of character! how charming these little peeps of the playfulness of domestic affection are!" (meanwhile the Scapin is pocketing a miscellaneous collection of articles.) "Pray dear Sir, continue your delightful narrative."

P. Scapin. (very seriously) "Madame, all dis bonheur

dont je jouissais vas tout à coup, all of de sudden évanoui—like to a puff of fumée—Dere came de Revolution—mon ami—mon compagnon—mon frère—mon roi, vas arraché de mon sein and vos chassé de son trône par de barbares républicains, and for dat dey did know dat I vas fidèle to mon roi, dey make a conjuration for me to fall. One matin ven I vas at my chateau, dere come a party of de barbares—l'épée à la main—(I vas in my chambre) dey make prisonnieres of all my five daughters ”——

Mrs. E. “Excuse me. I thought you said that your family consisted of *six* daughters.”

P. Scapin. (rather taken aback) “ah yes, so, oui, c’est vrai, it is juste—Madame is right—Madame a toujours raison—yes—six daughters—six c’est vrai—but de sixième vas a leetle boy you see. I not understand English ver bien.”

Mrs. E. “Pardon my interruption. I am dying to hear the event. Did they they take your children away?”

P. Scapin. “Ah Madame, oui, yes, dey vas all enlevés, arrachés before les yeux paternels—et mon épouse—mon Amelie—dat is to say ma Louise—je veux dire ma Marie—she try toles sauver—mais les barbares—ah malheur ! malheur ! dey cut off her head !” (covers his face with his handkerchief.)

Mrs. E. “How excessively frightful !” (turns away

with horror, whereupon the Scapin with his handkerchief still applied to one eye, puts out his hand sideways and appropriates her keys, in which he had appeared to take a lively interest for some minutes before.)

P. Scapin. "Madame, I vas furieux—Je me suis jeté sur les meurtriers ; but dey give me dis blow wid de sword on de head—you see here de mark, (points to a scar on his forehead) and then je suis tombé évanoui, and dey throw me into prison."

Mrs. E. "My heart bleeds for you."

P. Scapin. "Ven I vas a leetle rétabli, de gendarmerie fetch me from de prison to the tribunal of de barbares: dey wish to make me swear de serment de les obéir toujours. But de only answer I make vas, La liberté ou la mort ! Den de chief of de juges—he threaten with de graves menaces dat he would cause dat I should be shot. Mais Je lui ai répondu, "Frappez, Tyran ; je mourai ; mais ce cœur ne se changera jamais !" (gets up and lays his hand melodramatically on his heart) "jamais ! jam. . . . . (suddenly sees a policeman behind him who has entered unobserved a few moments before, and is watching the Scapin with a look calculated to raise serious apprehension of some hostile designs). Tableau. (The Scapin immeasurably aghast.) (Police Constable W, watchful and stiff, trying

to keep his truncheon quiet, which is rather inclined to be restless. Mrs. Easydupe looks on in an uncomfortable state of surprise and general mystification. At last Policeman W laconically remarks "Now then!"

P. Scapin. (Suddenly subsiding into most a most natural and plebeian English vernacular) "Don't be hard on a covey!"

Mrs. E. "Goodness gracious me! Policeman, what *can* you possibly want?"

Policeman. "Him, Mum.; (pointing to the Scapin) he knows well enough—bit of a burglary job this time."

Mrs. E. "Surely, you must be mistaken"

Policeman. "Think not, mum. This here old jail-bird's pretty tolerable well known in the force. That ere cut over the heye there (points to the scar of which the Scapin had given so different an account) I guv him myself with this here truncheon last time but two as I took him up, 'cos he would'nt come along quiet like and pleasant. Here's the description on him in the "Hue-and-Cry." (hands the paper to Mrs. E., who reads,) "Samuel Sullivan, commonly called "Slimy Sullivan," alias, "Jim Jinglepot," alias "the big Birmingham blackguard," alias "the Old Bailey Pet," alias "the Spicy Swindler." "But this gentleman's name is quite different."

Policeman. "O he's got plenty o' names, mum;"  
 "Foreigneering Flatcatcher's" his most commonest."

Mrs. E. "But surely, good Mr. Policeman, you must be mistaken. The person whom you are in search of is described here as having no whiskers, and you see that"—(points to the large black bush adorning the chin of the Scapin.)

Policeman. "Them ere whiskers is'nt fixtures, mum. (pulls them off.) They was grow'd on a hoss's tail. They're like that old brass button there (pointing to the ornament the Scapin wears on his breast) wot he calls his "craw donnoor."

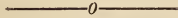
Mrs. E. "It's utterly impossible, you surely must be mistaken altogether."

Policeman. "Think not, mum. Come Sammy, muv on."  
 (Policeman and the Scapin exeunt.)

Mrs. E. (In great agitation) "How exceedingly painful! Surely he must be mistaken! Really this is quite dreadful! There *must* be some mistake; but it makes me feel quite faint. Where is my smelling bottle? (looks for it) I put it here—gone! and my watch? gone!! and the spoons? gone!!! and the forks? gone!!!! and the teapot? yes, and my keys and ring? and every thing I had? gone!!!!!! (She mournfully shakes her head as conviction as to the character of her late guest



becomes irresistible, and sinks, overcome by the shock, into the chair, murmuring faintly)  
 “ O no ! there is no mistake whatever ! ”  
 (faints.) Scene closes.



## EPISTLES DEDICATORY.



I. To Miss B—WITH A SWISS ECRITOIRE.



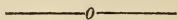
This ecritoire, my dear Miss B,  
 I hope will prove inciting  
 More specimens to sending me  
 Of your most welcome writing.

May Mr. Marshall\* still to thee  
 Keep constantly inditing  
 Those “ notes ” so satisfactory,  
 Not love, but payment, plighting.

\* Vide Signature of Bank Notes.



May you, I pray, still safe and free  
 From ill, your prospects blighting,  
 Keep, like good ship, in life's rough sea,  
 A tendency to "righting."



II.

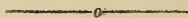
TO E. E. WITH A WATCH.



I hope, my dear Nelly, this watch  
 Will meet with your kind approbation,  
 For your satisfaction to catch  
 Would give me great gratification.

Herein too a sentiment lurks  
 Which with the occasion may chime  
 "To you, and the watch, may *good works*  
 Ever prove a true measure of time."

"And as of these busy hands' travel  
 The dial exhibits no trace;  
 So may Time's iron fingers ne'er ravel  
 With wrinkles your smooth happy face."



III. TO ARABELLA, WITH A RED SMELLING-BOTTLE  
ON HER BIRTHDAY.

---

I wish you a great many years  
Of happiness comfort and wealth ;  
Your cheeks, (like your clothes) free from " tears,"  
And red, like this bottle, with health.

But at life's final closing, and when  
Your course toward heaven is bent ;  
As this lavender-water may then  
Your soul have as pleasant " a-scent."

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IV. TO DELIA, WITH A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS FROM  
THE " JARDIN" NEAR CHAMOUNI.

---

Down from the mountains a tempest came thundering,  
Snapping the pines with it's boisterous shock ;  
And Chamouni's flower-beds playfully plundering,  
Flung some poor seeds on a bare Alpine rock.

Through the long-lingering Winter's dull reign  
Steeped in deep snows they lay torpid and dead,  
Till the sun, long a stranger, returning again,  
Peeped over the peaks, and illumined their bed.

Soon, as dissolving the stern icy rigour

He pierced their dark prison with warm melting gleams,  
They burst into life, and indued with new vigour,  
Spread abroad their small leaflets to welcome his beams.

And though the smooth rock to their wide-spreading roots  
Unwilling poor sustenance scanty supplied,  
And rough surly north-winds the tender green shoots  
With envious buffetings often would chide ;

By harsh Alpine nurses so rudely though tended,  
Undaunted they flourished, and sprouted the more ;  
Till buds, by the fostering sun still befriended,  
Decked the glacier with glories unwonted before.

And travellers, wondering, said that the flowers  
Forget-me-not jessamine, primrose, and thyme,  
With their fresh mountain fragrance might rival the bowers  
And shame the bright dyes of a happier clime.

Here too did the wing'd busy troopers arrive  
Forsaking fair Chamouni's sunnier store,  
Quaffed the sweet juices, then back to their hive  
Rich treasures of amberlike nectar they bore.

From his haunt in the sky, down steep giddy traces,  
Through clouds spread about him descending to rest,  
The Chamois each eve, in this tiny oasis  
Found a soft, scented, and blossomy nest.

Lady ! in this simple garden's small history  
Lurks a moral. " What is it ? " you ask me. Nay, guess:

Point it, in verse; for indeed 'tis no mystery,  
 And this bouquet from thence shall reward your success.

---

V.            To BELINDA, WITH A BERNESE FAN.

---

When in some crowded suffocating room  
 You gasp at 90° Fahrenheit, or more,  
 This fan, should heat have paled your cheek's fresh bloom,  
 Will all it's native brightness soon restore.

When love into your ear it's soft vows drops,  
 Like "desert-flower" you may "blush unseen,"  
 Till when—we wont say who—the question pops,  
 You nod assenting from behind it's screen.

Though this poor verse be, like the offering, vile,  
 Yet, if your wonted kindness should extend  
 The very faintest symptom of a smile,  
 T'would very much delight your

Faithful friend.

---

VI. To TABITHA, WITH SOME CHARMS MADE OF IRISH BOG  
 OAK, CONSISTING OF A HORSESHOE, A GROTESQUE LITTLE  
 HEAD, A SHOE, A CRADLE, AND A CROSS.

---

These black little chips of Hibernian oak,  
 Condemned in a bog many ages to soak,

May convey my good wishes in hints emblematical  
 As neatly as sentences terse and grammatical ;  
 Your wit their significance cannot but see,  
 But perhaps 'twould be well to interpret, e.g.  
 The horseshoe, the recognized symbol of luck,  
 Is to bring you a swain, such a love of a duck !  
 This quaint little head with the horrid grimace  
 Too well represents *my* unfortunate face ;  
 However, the comical portrait may serve  
 In kindly remembrance a friend to preserve,  
 Nor can I express with what infinite pride  
 I should witness my effigy hang by your side.  
 "But what does the tiny black shoe say ?" you ask ;  
 —To reply would at first seem a difficult task :  
 'Tis said that "a glad heart attends a black shoe"  
 See a book called Ray's Proverbs, and page fifty-two ;  
 But I cannot explain how the famed Day and Martin  
 Our joys or affections can take any part in.  
 Next we come to the cradle, which means "may your sleep  
 "As that of a baby be tranquil and deep ;  
 "By care or discomfort untroubled your rest,  
 "While whispering angels sweet fancies suggest.  
 Last of all, Christianity's sign is to show  
 —That I wish you unvarying happiness ? No !  
 Let tempering sadness your gaiety leaven,  
 For "crosses on earth are a ladder to heaven." \*  
 So ends then my very dull song, but before  
 I conclude, pray allow me to add one wish more :

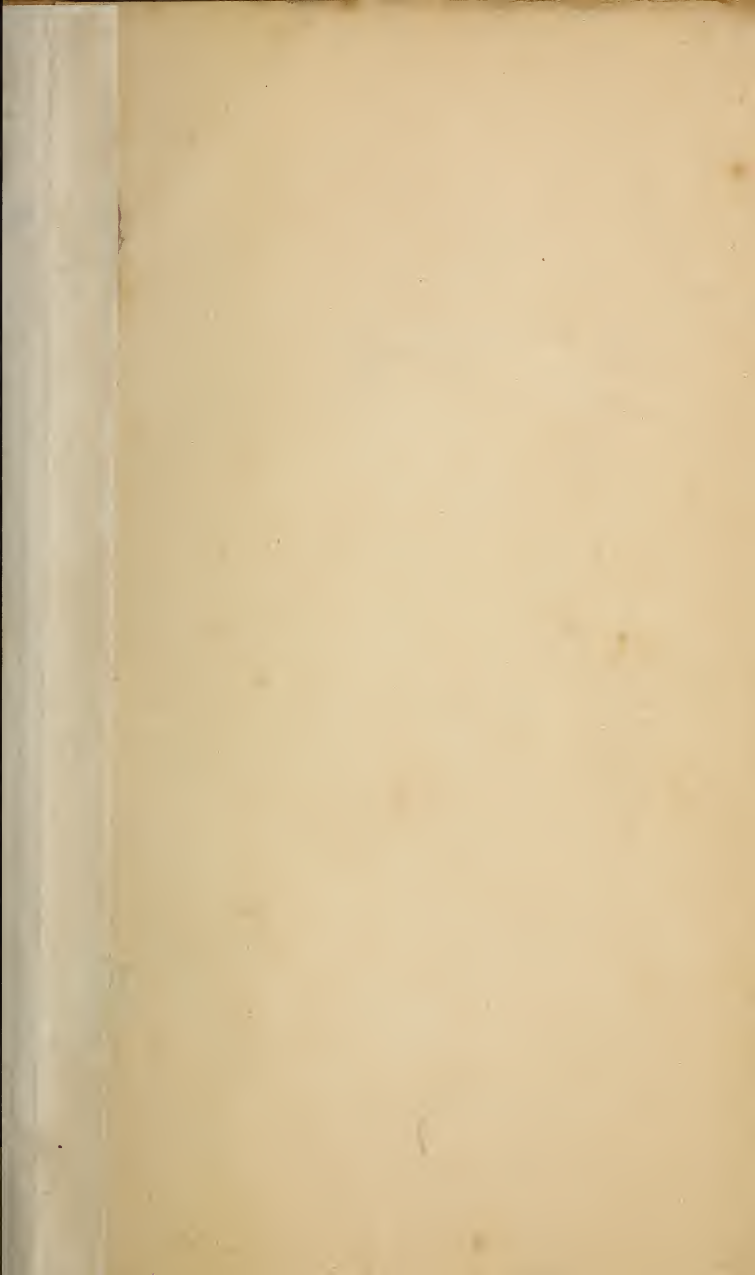
\* See Ray's Proverbs.

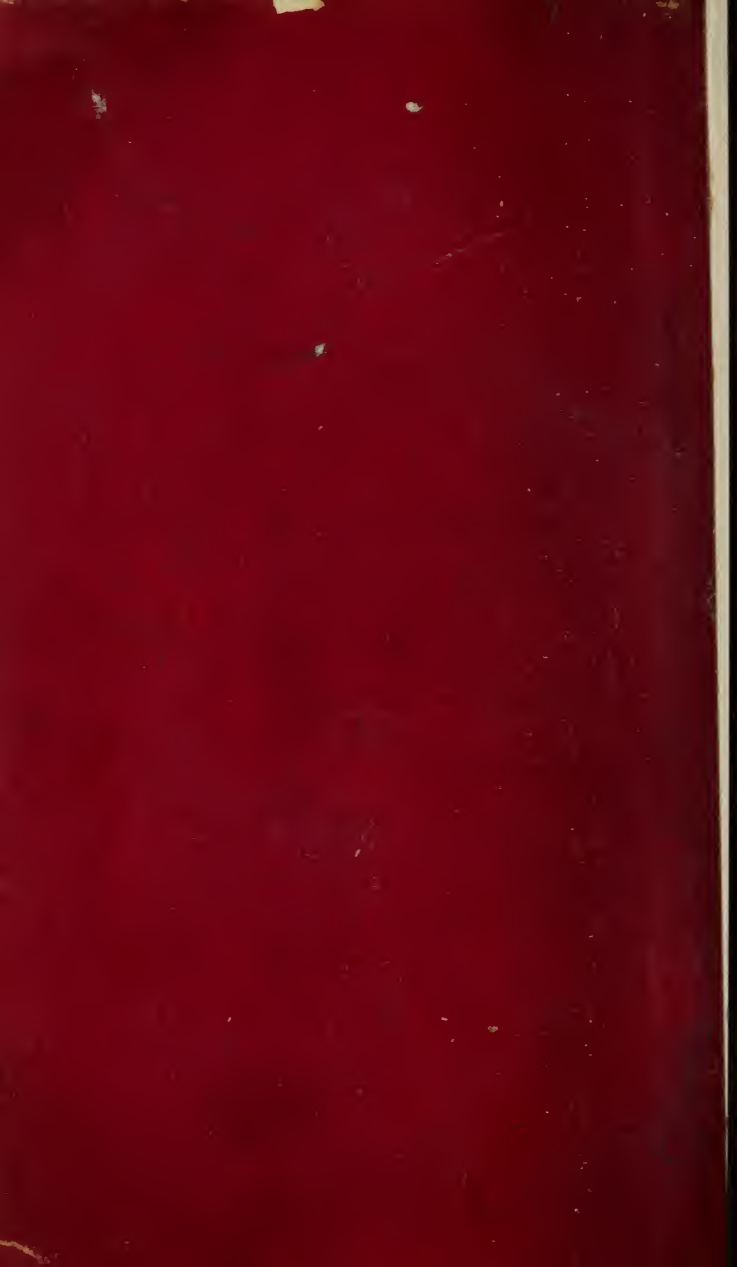
Only this, that your boasting may never be vain  
That still your best charms are those *not* on your  
chain.

THE END.

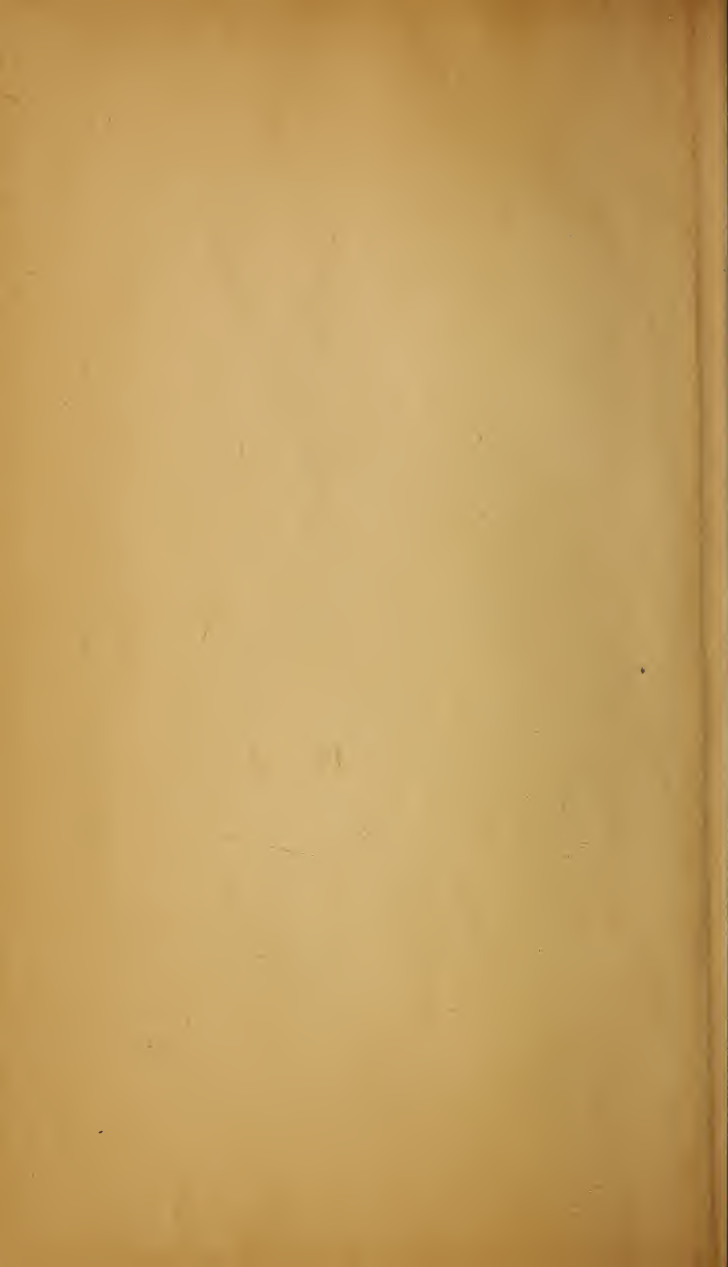
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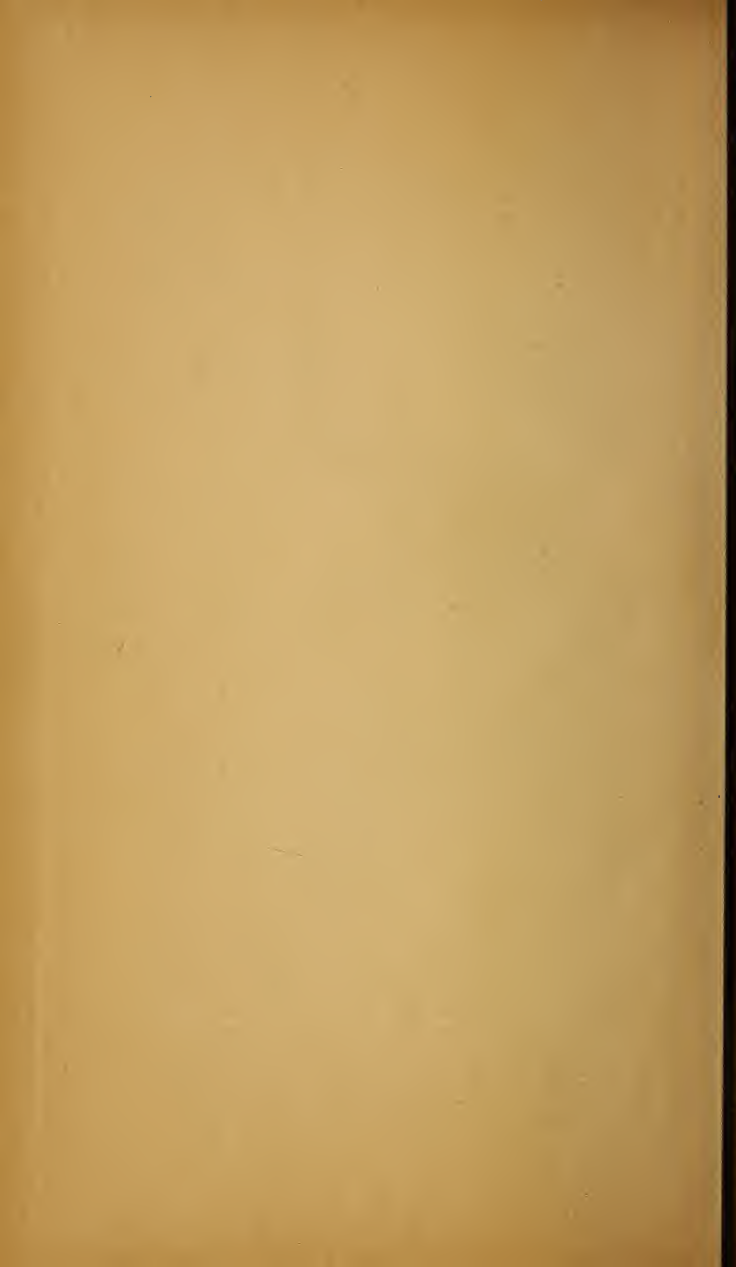












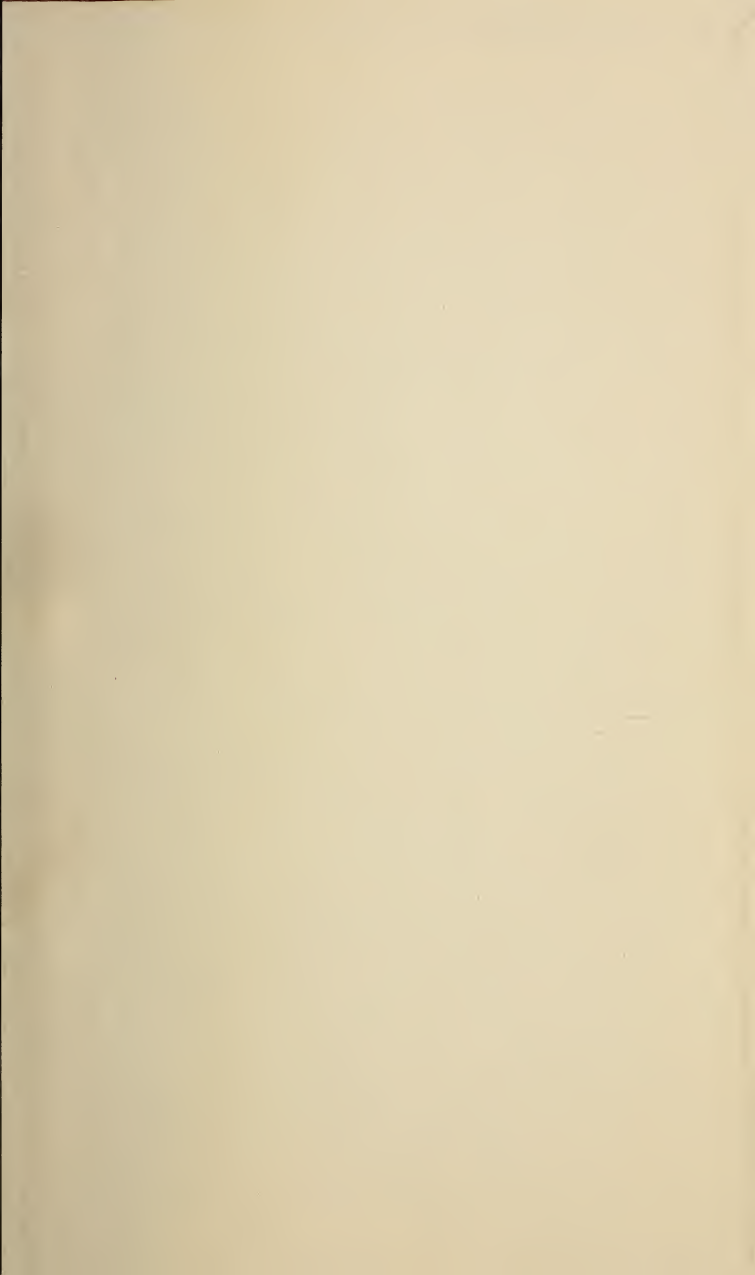


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